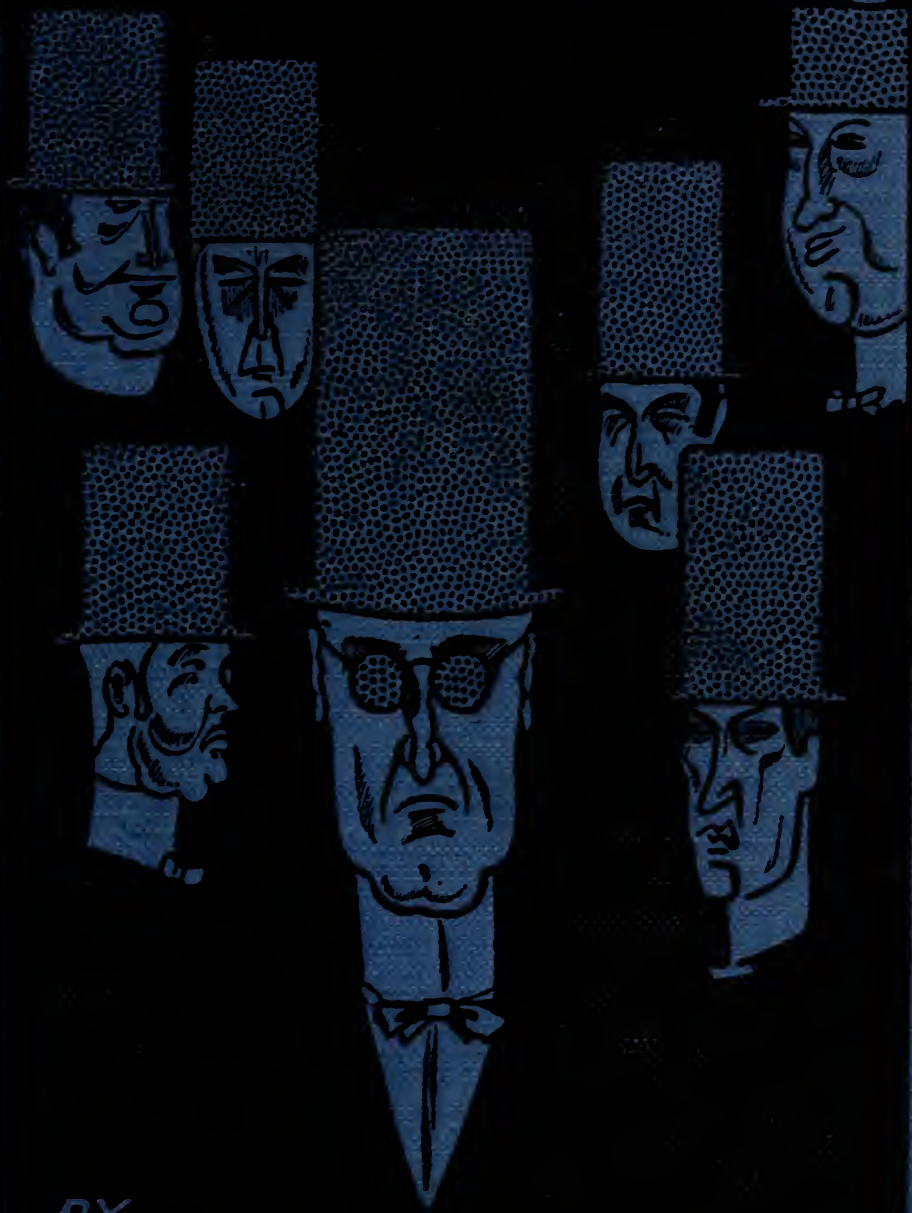
DRY AMERICA



BY

MICHAEL MONAHAN

DRY AMERICA

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Author of "Adventures in Life and Letters", "Heinrich Heine", "At the Sign of the Van", etc.

NICHOLAS L. BROWN
NEW YORK MCMXXI

To

HARRY RICKEL

Prosit!

They (the English people) entered the prison of Puritanism and had the key turned upon their spirit there for two hundred years.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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FOREWORD

AMERICA is "dry"—at least in a legal and technical sense, subject we all know to how many exceptions and qualifications: the question is, will she remain "dry" *in perpetuum?*

I for one do not believe she will, in which faith I am putting forth this little book; also with the hope that it may contribute something toward the reaction against Prohibition and Puritanism of which the signs multiply about us every day.

To believe that Prohibition will stand is, in my view, to believe that the Republic has lost her way and is without the guiding light of her noblest traditions.

In a frenzy of war excitement and hysterical unreason the American people were swept away from the moorings of common sense and sound democratic principle. As an act of patriotism they were induced to put their personal liberty in pawn, while cunning men availed themselves of this generous sacrifice to fasten upon the country the chains of an odious intolerance.

Every hour since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment has borne witness to the monstrous folly and unintelligence of the act. The country has been swept by wave after wave of

crime directly traceable to the influence of Prohibition. Religious bigotry has upreared its ugly and malign front among our people, threatening divisions worse than any recorded in our history. A law impossible of execution without popular consent and concurrence and requiring an army of spies to secure even a partial and half-hearted observance, is now upon the statute-books of the Nation. Numerous murders have attended the attempt to enforce it, and as always and everywhere in the past, the illegal traffic in liquor has been shown to be insuppressible. The number of drug addicts has enormously increased, in spite of a redoubled stringency of the laws dealing with such abuses; and from this cause we are threatened with a great increase of insanity. A large proportion of the people throughout the country are making their own stimulants, and making them stronger and more noxious than they ever were under the legalized traffic.* Social happiness has declined; it is noted that recent crimes of violence against person and prop-

*The farmer was bribed with hard cider, as effective a stimulant as whisky, to give his aid and consent to Prohibition; while the people in cities were deprived of wholesome beer, which only a hog would abuse to the point of intoxication. Thus fraud has attended every stage of the Great Reform! Hard cider produces an unpleasing amount of drunkenness even in this little town where I live and the country round-about. An Iowa friend writes me that the farmers in that State (long wedded to Prohibition or its approximations) make a practice of putting crocks in the bottom of their silos before filling these, and when the silos are emptied the crocks are retrieved, full of a potent fermented liquor.

erty, while greatly increased in number, exhibit a peculiarly truculent and heartless character.

Thus, as a consequence of the Great War, we have brought upon ourselves a train of miseries and annoyances quite surpassing any with which we were actually threatened by the war itself.

But what the American people have done the American people can undo.* By a tremendous vote in the last Presidential election they reversed their presumptive attitude on the European Question. Who can doubt that were the opportunity given them to-day, they would similarly reverse themselves on the question of National Prohibition? The mistaken decision that they gave was wheedled and cajoled and in truth *coerced* from them in what appeared to be a time of unexampled crisis for the country. Their better judgment was surprised and overcome, and thus they were led to sanction an act which negatives the grand tradition of liberty bequeathed to them by the fathers. That decision was unworthy of America, and as such it can not stand. We who have been so enriched by the gifts of the past dare not refuse its rightful heritage to the future!

*There is a prevalent notion that the Eighteenth Amendment can never be rescinded, owing to the unquestionably great difficulties in the way. It seems more correct to say that the Amendment will be rescinded as soon as the people elect to do it. Pending such decision, it can be made a dead letter, as we know from certain analogous conditions in the South. The New York *World* sensibly urges the repeal of the Volstead law providing for the enforcement of Prohibition, and the delegation of such function to the States.—M. M.

A word as to the subject matter of this book. Prohibition is usually regarded as a dry theme, in a double sense, and the author of these pages has no disposition to evade or minimize the objection. To encourage the reader a bit, however, he may give prefatory notice that he has in a general way treated several phases of the subject from what he may be allowed to call a literary point of view. This as he believes, without any sacrifice or attenuation of his intense convictions upon the subject—or in other words, without any the least qualification of his most heartfelt and unmitigated abhorrence of Prohibition and all its works. All the same he hopes that the discerning reader will find some entertainment between these covers; and though the D. R. may not agree with many views expressed herein, nevertheless if he but give the book a faithful reading he is respectfully challenged to rise from its pages other than a thoroughly convinced and militant Anti-Prohibitionist.

I repeat: this book is put forth in the hope of rendering some slight service to the grand old cause of liberty, never, as the Author conceives, beset with deadlier and more insidious foes than in our beloved country to-day.

MICHAEL MONAHAN.

New Canaan, Conn,
September, 1921.

PERSICOS ODI, PUER, APPARATUS *

HORACE: Lib. 1—38.

HARK ye, my boy, I hate those frills
That snobs from Persia borrow;
'Tis not with garlands rich and gauds
I seek to lay my sorrow.

And cease to hunt the country o'er
Where the late roses tarry:
Why to our modest myrtle wreath
Is need of aught to marry?

Nay, well it doth become you, lad,
And me as well, your master;
While under the close embower'd shade
I drink—and mock disaster!

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*Author's translation.

CHAPTER I

HORACE TO THE BAR—I.

I TRUST the waggish reader will not suspect a punning intent in the title of this paper. Who indeed could have a "smile" with the avatar of Praise-God-Barebones, the resurrected Puritan of the present day? No, our theme is of most pregnant and serious import; for with absolute Prohibition upon us, it should not appear too whimsical or far-fetched to consider what will be the attitude of the "dry" censorial mind toward certain aspects of literature, under the new conditions. Nobody will deny—not even a member of the Burns Club—that there is a very deep relation between the literature and the social life of a people; in fact, the one is almost conditioned by the other. And what piece of wisdom has had more honor than that speech of brave old Fletcher of Saltoun: that "he knew a man who was wont to say he cared not who should make the laws were he permitted to write the songs of a people"? The songs, it will be allowed, have been very "wet" in the past, and they represent a fearful chorus of opposition to the present "dry" law. In truth there is very little

poetry in the Prohibition amendment, but an enormous amount of sacrosanct, shady and evil-smelling politics.

Now the old classic idea of a poet was, the greater the soak the better the poet. His drinking was therefore regarded with public approval and admiration as inciting him to his work and inspiring the loftiest flights of genius. Very literally he moistened his laurels with wine, and appropriately Anacreon, the bibulous Greek bard —quite unsurpassed in his peculiar line—choked to death on a grape-stone. Horace, also very moist and a nonpareil of literary excellence, warns us that—

Prisco si credis, Mæcenas docte, Cratino,
Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt
Quae scribuntur aquae potoribus.

Which I may rudely paraphrase:

Take it from me, Mæcenas dear,
There's no good song sans wine or beer;
And all that comes from the poet dry,
It scarce shall please, and soon must die.

Well, such were the ancient poets; the farther we go back the better and the wetter we find them. How and with what precautions shall they be read and enjoyed in the "dry light" which the Prohibitionist has now made to shine in our

midst? How shall they be "edited" or expurgated for the ingenuous youth of a future drinkless America? And above all, what will the dry pundits and precisians do with Horace, that favorite of Bacchus and the Muses, whom once to know in the slightest is to hate all dulness and intolerance forever afterwards. I will wager that the number of Prohibitionists who could readily construe the Horatian line,

Siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit—

is very small. What hope is there for that "heir of all the ages," the child of Prohibition, who is never to see a saloon or smell a wine-cork, when he reads in the beautiful tongue of Rome that "God has made all things hard for the mere water-drinker," and that not otherwise than by the gift of the sacred vine are our heavy sorrows dispersed (*Neque mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines*)?

When he has become learned as to the nice shades of discrimination between Falernian and Massic, betwixt Cæcuban and Formian, as well as other Horatian brands and tipples, will he not be apt to imagine something stronger than the decoctions of the soda-fountain? How also, I may ask, is Literature to find her account with this cold-blooded young person? How is he to realize the classic atmosphere? Will there be no poetic madness, no vatic frenzy for him in that superb Ode of the Second Book where the poet

riots over his friend Pompeius safe back from the wars (*Non ego sanius bacchabor Edonis*), and the resonant clash of the lines seems to convey to us audibly the battle-shock of the opposing legions, with the ringing clang of sword against shield? Was a great battle ever depicted more tersely and feelingly—with a juster economy of expression, the true stigma of the Latin genius? . . .

Pompei, meorum prime sodalium!
. . . . . .
Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
Sensi, relicta non bene parmula,
Cum fracta virtus et minaces
Turpe solum tetigere mento.
Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
Denso paventem sustulit aere;
Te rursus in bellum resorbens
Unda fretis tulit aestuosis.

Which we may *depoetize* in our pedestrian fashion, as follows:

WITH you, my Pompey, chosen pal,
The rigor of Philippi's fight
I faced—but as the bravest fell,
Alack, I dropped my shield in flight!
Mercury smiled, the bard forgave,
And straightway sent a cloud to save;
While you the refluent tide of war
Caught in its eddies whirling far.

Therefore repose your war-worn frame
Under my modest vine and laurel,
Nor spare the gifts the Gods provide
In amphora, jug or barrel.
Quick, boy, the ointment and the crowns,
The Massic that sad memory drowns.
Let's choose our Master of the revel,
And fling discretion to the devil.
The lost one found brings such delight
I will—I will be mad to-night!

Will not the scholastic "dry" youth be led to believe in the superior virtue of wine-bred visions when he has grasped something of the wonder of the Nineteenth Ode (Lib. Sec.), the opening lines of which are among the most deeply poetical that classic antiquity can offer, conveying the very thrill of paganism?—

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, credite posteri,
Nymphasque discentes et aures
Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.
Euhoe! recenti mens trepidat metu
Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
Laetatur.

HEAR now, ye that are to come,
When we that live must all be dumb:
I saw Bacchus! gentle, mild,
On the hills remote and wild,

Teaching his songs to nymph and faun,
Which they with foot and voice did scan.
I saw the god! and ah, my breast
Trembles with rapture unexpressed;
The while my mind, still under fear,
Shudders to think *a god was near!*

II

Of a truth this old yet so provokingly young Horace is an incorrigible *wetster,* the laughing father of many generations of learned topers, the chief author of the damnable heresy that poetical genius stands in need of vinous inspiration. Unluckily, the pestilent fellow wrote so well (whether with the aid of Bacchus or the Evil One) that many a poet since has drunk himself to death in a too ardent compliance with the Horatian precept. Even during his lifetime the bad poets sotted, as he tells us, from a desire to ape him (*O imitatores, servum pecus!*) and would stink of the wine-jug at noon-day. Curiously enough, while Horace's Muse is often wildly lyrical, with a divine madness the world would give something to recapture, she is never *tipsy.* I reckon he had always his *desipere in loco* well in hand, and was himself what the Scotch would describe as a "canny chiel ower the drink." At any rate, we can be sure that, after the heats of poetical inspiration were past, he was always

cold sober when he revised his copy and "turned the stilus."

But this consideration may not avail him with the stern Prohibition censor who will survey with just horror that swarm of impudent Bacchanalian ditties—those invitations to Tyndaris, Lydia, Chloe, Barine, Glycera and other shameless baggages, to dine and drink with him at his Sabine farm—couched, too, with such infernally seductive art that the charm of them remains as fresh to us as it was to Horace's contemporaries or to the ladies directly concerned themselves. Here is a very famous one which I freely paraphrase by way of furnishing some useful hints to the new censorship. Ode XI, Book Fourth, *Est mihi nonum superantis annum.*

TO PHYLLIS

PHYLLIS, I have a virgin cask,
'Tis nine years old and better,
And in the garden flowers galore
Your sunny locks to fetter.

Gaily my house with silver shines,
The wreathed altar waits the lamb,
The chimney pours its festal smoke,
And runs each pleased and busy "fam."*

But you will ask the potent cause
Of these fair rites: it is the Ides
Of April, month to Venus dear,
When our festivity betides.

**Famulus*—house slave.*

A day to us more sacred far
Than our own birth-day: void of fears,
Since from this light, Mæcenas mine
Reckons his flowing count of years.

Cease then to wound your heart in strife
With love ill-matched and jealousy,
And come, last of my loves, to grace
This day of days for mine and me.

For after you—nay, hear me swear!
Phyllis, no other love shall be.
Learn the new songs—and perish Care
At sound of our sweet melody!

In spite of, or indeed perhaps because of, his assiduous attentions to the ladies, Horace remained a bachelor all his days. Father Prout is not inclined to allow him much success in his gallantries, but I fear the reverend critic speaks with the prejudice of his cloth. No doubt our hero experienced the varying hazards of amatory warfare, but on the whole he seems to have had an uncommonly good time of it with his affinities; and what is of major importance to us, they continued until the end or at least very late in the day, to give him his best poetical inspiration. The rogue sometimes poses for us. We find him

at the exceedingly fit age of forty pretending to have done with the follies of youth—

—fuge suspicari
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum.

As who should say, if you please:
Fear not to praise your charming dear—
Horace is come to forty year!

But we know that long afterward he made a dead set at Chloe, on which occasion he modestly boasted his *bonnes fortunes*—

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus
Et militavi non sine gloria.

In Venus' wars I pleased the fair,
'Tis not so old a story;
Let me not from the truth forbear,
I fought, and with SOME glory!

It is, of course, impossible to apportion the degrees of fact and fancy in his self-reported *affaires de coeur;* as a thrifty poet we may be sure that he knew how important they were to his art. Indeed, lacking his amatory songs, he would not be the Horace we know, and poesy would lose some of the brightest flowers in her garland.

The following song is addressed to Lydia, a seductive and fickle young person whom our hero seems to have had no small trouble keeping in order. I suspect this *Carmen* (Lib. III—28) was written after one of their tiffs and subsequent makings-up. It is, in the original, of a very great felicity and charm; and pondering it one glimpses something of the reason for this poet's immortality. The reader will also note from this and many other examples, that Horace seems never to have dreamed of making love or poetry without the aid and inspiration of the grape.

TO LYDIA

WHAT shall I do on Neptune's festal day,
To flout old *Atra Cura* and dismay?
Let's have, my Lydia, the choicest wine
To fortify your wisdom's force and mine.
Ah, linger not, for see, the noon is high,
And pleasure's hour, like pleasure's self, must die.

Haste then and fetch from out the deepest cell
A jug that says when Bibulus befell.*
Your poet first the Nereids will sing
And eke the praise of ocean's hoary king;
Then you upon the curvéd lyre shall praise
Fleet Dian and the mother of her days.

*That is, the date when Bibulus was consul, thus fixing the age of the wine.

Ah, better yet shall be our choral song:
We'll hymn the queen to whom love's joys belong,
Sweet Venus of the clustered Cyclades,
Borne by her swans athwart the purple seas.
Then, as a fitting close to our delight,
We'll raise a grateful strain to lovely Night.

But what a snare is such a song for the ingenuous "dry" youth (*arida pubes*) of the next American generation! Do you fancy it will be left in their way by the zealots of the Baptist or Presbyterian household? Alack, I fear me that Master Flaccus will not recognize himself when he comes forth, pruned and denatured, from the hands of his moral redactors.

III

However, it is not the *merit* of Horace's poetry that we are trying to make a point of here—that was tolerably well settled about fifteen hundred years before America was hatched from the egg of discovery. No, we are merely concerned to show, by means of a *jocosa imago,* however inadequately hit off, that a "dry" or denatured classicism, such as Prohibition seems to make imminent, is a contradiction in terms.

It seems tolerably clear from these examples, extracted at random, that Horace in the "original package," is loaded with offense to the Prohibition type of mind—which has now become

the ruling power in THESE STATES.* I have combed over the Odes pretty carefully in hope of finding something that might be offered by way of extenuation, but my search has yielded nothing worth while. The trail of the serpent or the smell of the wine-cask—whichever simile you prefer—is over them all.

I did get on a wrong scent after the Ode to the Bandusian Fountain, the first and only time in his poetical career that Horace seems to have given any consideration to *mere water.* My thought was that it might have a placatory effect upon the "dry" censor and win some remission for the offending bard. But as might have been expected of that perverse bibulist, he merely praises the fountain as being worthy, if you please, of a libation of pure wine and flowers (*dulci digne mero non sine floribus*), and ventures the remark that its prattling waters (*loquaces lymphæ*) will be good for the cattle to drink! Neither there nor elsewhere does the poet spare a line or a word on the hypothetical advantages of water-drinking for humans. That was a heresy apparently unknown to the round and smooth little gentleman of Tibur (*teres atque rotundus*).

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*As first published in the *Review* (New York), November, 1919. I do not believe the Prohibition type of mind will long continue to rule us. Already it is evident that the American people have roused from the trance in which they were led to sign away their liberties, and are preparing to assert their recovered common sense.—M. M.

One can but wish good luck to the bravest and jauntiest poet of all the ages, the charmer of all men and all times with his unequaled blend of sanity and genius—really, the one writer of all the classics who makes himself personally known, beloved and familiar to us. Many a hard bout has he had on the dusty ways of fame since he set out with his little packet of songs nearly twenty centuries ago. But gallantly and safely, for the most part, has he made the journey, and his head of gold is still exalted to the stars. (*Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*) It is well to bear in mind that, however much the odds may seem to favor the Prohibitionist at present, there are those of approved wisdom who maintain that Horace will possibly survive America.

CHAPTER II

HORACE TO THE BAR—II.

I

Nullam, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem
Circa mite solum Tiburis et moenia Catilli:
Siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit, neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.
—HORACE—Lib. 1-18.

PLANT naught at Tibur, Varus mine,
Where Catilus' proud ramparts shine,
Till you have sown the sacred VINE!
For 'tis the will of Him on high
That all things hard shall plague the dry;
Since man his cares may not resign,
Save only with the aid benign
Of God's best gift to mortals—WINE!
(Author's version.)

IN the preceding chapter I have pointed out, at some length, the perils to which classic literature—mostly "wet," it must be allowed—will be exposed under the "dry" censorship that should logically follow up the National Prohibition law. It can hardly be doubted that the Prohibitionist, in the event of his prevailing utterly, will attempt to "bowdlerize" literature from a dry

standpoint—to set up an *Index Expurgatorius,* as it were, on the model of a more ancient intolerance, with a view to silencing the seditious voices. I refer to the ancient classic bards who are, without exception, deplorably wet. It will be "some contract," as we say in our naïve vernacular, to expurgate the "thirst" out of those chronic offenders. Burke avowed that he knew not how to draw up an indictment against a whole people, but we may not hope that the Prohibitionist will balk at indicting pretty much the entire *corpus* of classic literature—or, as he would doubtless prefer to phrase it, the whole *rum-soaked Parnassus!*

When the Prohibitionist starts after the Man with the Lyre, as I think he is bound to do, we may expect to get some new light on the classics. And right here I may point out a very singular fact which has heretofore passed without challenge. No one ever heard or saw a poet play on his Lyre. Nobody has much of an idea what sort of a wind, string or brass instrument a Lyre really is. I believe myself from the confusion attending this word, that it was originally meant to signify the vessel from which the bard drew his draughts of inspiration:—I mean the thing he put to his head,—jug, amphora, bottle or can. What was once no doubt a delicate figure of speech has, in course of time, become an utterly meaningless expression. I have now and then

met with a poet who *was a liar*—(putting the fact in homely prose), but I never knew one who could play on the thing which goes by the like-sounding name.

The poet of antiquity also enjoyed a license to do as he pleased with his moral character—nobody cared a tinker's curse so long as he turned out the good stuff. If the poet couldn't drink, for some constitutional reason—a thing which rarely came to pass, as the kidneys were unknown in the Heroic Age of poetry—he took care not to betray the fact in his verse, but whanged away with all the wilder Bacchantic frenzy. The ancients knew what they were paying for in the line of poetry, and it does look like as if they got more for their money than we do, dry as we now are and dryer as we propose to make ourselves.

As the scope of this article restricts me to the classic past, I may observe parenthetically that the strictly sober or *bone-dry* poet has only become thoroughly naturalized and familiar in these latter times. In point of fact, he still remains a good deal of a phenomenon.

II.

In the preceding chapter I singled out our old college friend Horace—Q. H. Flaccus, you know (I don't think the Prohibitionist knows)—for special treatment. Certainly if we are

to keep the classics at all, under the dry dispensation, this old charmer's poison teeth must be drawn. Can you not see the committee of arid inquisitors, whiskered too, I dare say, from all Woolly and Western precedents—an added violence to the classic idea—pawing over the most delightful book in the world, with a view to plucking the offence therefrom? I fear me the tidy baggage, the immortal duodecimo will be sadly disfigured and reduced by these jealous expurgators. In which event stupidity will have achieved its masterpiece:—at any rate, Bacchus will have been swatted a notable one in the eye!

I have already presented some original free translations as bearing out the case against the Roman bard and exposing his truly horrendous liability under the possible "dry" censorship. I now feel that I should go further with the work, since it more and more appears that the taboo on Horace and other poets of his ilk is apt to become general, and may possibly be enforced with search-and-seizure provisions, etc. I therefore take this occasion to put into familiar verse a few more songs of Horace, happily exemplifying his *ingeni benigna vena;* prime favorites of my own, which would seem to have small chance of escaping the "dry" inquisitor. I begin with the delightful Twenty-first Ode of the Third Book—addressed to the Amphora or Wine-jug (auspicious clay!) which was put up in the year

Horace was born. (*O nata mecum consule Manlio*). No poem of classical antiquity has been imitated oftener or has remained more truly inimitable.

HORACE TO HIS JUG

O BORN with me when Manlius
Was consul of the year,
Whether full o' fight, or crazy love,
Or slumber sound, Jug dear—

Come from your chamber dark and cool*
To crown our festal hour,
When my Corvinus fain would feel
The Wine-God's deepest power.

You whip the sluggish mind till wit
Unwonted from it flies,
And laugh as roguish Bacchus bares
The secrets of the wise.

Hope to the hopeless, strength to the poor
You give with magic hand,
While after, they nor tyrants fear
Nor armed and threat'ning band.

With Bacchus, Venus, the Graces three
We'll burn the torches white
Till Phoebus with returning ray
Shall drive the stars in flight.

*The *apotheca* or store-room in the upper part of a Roman house, where the wine was kept to be "cured" or mellowed by smoke.

Horace is *par excellence* the poet of social occasions and chiefly for the reason that he selected them himself—a point worth noting, if you please. Hence the unfailing spontaneity, naturalness and charm of those festive invitations which he framed in classic metres. There is not a *pièce de manufacture,* or made-to-order "infliction", among them all; at once they are true to his native genius and his independent spirit. Further, they are of intense biographic interest from the many charming pictures given of his life at the Sabine Farm—the happiest, as many have thought, that ever fell to a poet's lot.

For public or ceremonial occasions Horace seems to have had a deep-seated repugnance, natural we think to one of his delicate genius and fastidious habits of mind. Saving the *Carmen Saeculare*—which he probably turned off to oblige Augustus, and which has this in common with most "occasional" poems, that one forgets it with great celerity—there are few notable performances of his in this particular kind. With his open scorn of the *ignobile volgus,* it is clear that the friend of Mæcenas would not care to pose as a bard of the we-have-with-us-to-night species, but would leave such cheap laurels and triumphs to Mævius and his like. Conjoined to his perfect taste was a perfect conception of the dignity of his art. It is one of the finest notes in his literary character.

But if our poet jealously held aloof from the celebrations of the multitude (shrewdly designed by their rulers to keep them content and quiet), all the more freely and joyously did he pour himself out to the chosen few of his heart. An invitation from him not only meant a good time, but if couched in verse, it was a passport to immortal remembrance! What wonder that the noblest blood of Rome was proud to be so favored—especially as Mæcenas set the fashion?

Apropos, we may render here the bid which Horace sent him to mark his patron's recovery from a grave illness—which happy event had been some time previously the occasion of a tumultuous greeting to Mæcenas, in the only theatre Rome then possessed. We may note *en passant* how exquisitely tactful and clever the poet herein shows himself; proving his personal devotion by the simple yet eloquent fact of the storing of the Greek jar of wine in honor of his great friend, and certifying his own humble yet proud station by the modest nature of the entertainment offered (Lib. I—20: *Vile potabis modicis Sabinum*).

POT-LUCK WITH HORACE

If my Mæcenas, noble knight,
Would give his poet friend delight,
Then let him come instanter,
A Sabine jug of mine to broach;

'Tis cheap and yet beyond reproach,
Or set me down a ranter.

This wine for your intent I stored
When Rome's theatre shook and roared
To see you well and risen,
What time old Tiber from his banks
Echoed the shout of joy and thanks,
Glad in his watery prison.

You shall have better tipple, too,
Sound Cæcuban and Calene's *cru,*
No choicer if I know it;
But Krug or Cliquot's* vain to seek—
To mention such bepaints the cheek
Of me your humble poet.

The curiosity of the learned has always occupied itself with the list of Horace's friends, both male and female, in the songs, epistles, or satires. Their collective biography would be nothing less than the history of Rome in the Augustan age. Of divers ranks and conditions were they, and not a few of tragic destiny. We are specially interested in these friends of Horace for the light they throw upon his own character—(not much of that indeed is concealed from us; in cold fact

*In behalf of the small number of readers whom Latin makes somewhat tired, license is duly claimed for these anachronisms. —M. M.

and loving him as we do, we should be glad if he had spared us some part of his Pagan frankness). Horace, himself the son of a poor freedman, knew how to handle them all, from the greatest men of Rome, Mæcenas or Agrippa, to the rustic neighbors of his Sabine retreat, who were also bidden at times to those "nights and suppers of the gods" (*noctes cenæque deum*) which he has immortalized.

The following song of Horace is one of his happiest in the *private* or *select* social vein, above descanted upon: I refer this praise of course to the original (Lib. iv—12) rather than to my own graceless paraphrase, for which I may scarcely expect grace at the hands of the *cognoscenti.* This, being a Spring Song, will recall joyous memories to many a reader who has heretofore been unable even to think of the vernal season without its concomitant Bock and May Wine. *Ach,* what sorrow! The Virgil addressed, by the way, was not, according to the best critical opinion, the celebrated poet of that name.

SPRING THIRST

VIRGIL, my lad, the Spring is here
And Winter's gone with yester-year—
The Spring that brings us warmer airs,
The swallow with her nesting cares
(Lamenting in her plaintive song

That ancient tale of lust and wrong);*
Brings, too, an end of Winter snow
And icy floods and Arctic blow;
While jocund shepherds piping free,
With flocks that stray on down and lea,
Give joy to Pan that such things be.

Ah yes, my friend, the Spring is come
With all her joyous train, as erst.
And best of gifts, by my halidom,
She brings our ancient thirst!
Shall we not drink this happy time,
And hold our feast from none to prime?
But hark ye, lad, it suits me fine
To play the host and stand the wine;
Yet I would have you do your bit,
An onyx small the need will fit:—
Therefore, get busy—*likewise flit!*

Such are my terms, nor steep, nor hard:
'Tis up to you to bring the nard†
If my Calenian you would taste,
Like one that hath no fear to waste.
But quickly come, and with the price,
'Twill fetch a cask from old Sulpice.
Make no delay nor plead excuse—
Ah, friend, how brief our mortal use!
'Tis sweet the bonds of care to burst,
Nor aye to toil for gain accurst;
And then, my lad, our thirst! our thirst!

*Allusion to the classic fable of Procne.
†Costly ointment used on the hair at banquets, etc.

III.

It is always possible to "have another" with Horace—his tap is endless and the quality never varies, at least in the original. Alas, it is true that the translator often draws a muddy decoction which has no resemblance in taste or bouquet to the ethereal runnings of the Alban cask.*

Will you say "when", genial reader? *Vive tu!*

With this warrant I submit a further example from the little bachelor, though not woman-hating, Bard of Tivoli, as proving how utterly desperate must be his case, without benefit of clergy or other, in the eye of a strict Prohibition censorship. The selection is from the Fourteenth Ode of the Third Book—a truly Horatian hit in the original, which the learned reader may not readily identify in our unlabored version.

"CONSULE PLANCO"

This festal day my cares shall take,
Nor shall I fear to die
By violence or civic rage
While Cæsar's star is high.

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*There never has been, nor can there ever be, in our humble judgment, a perfectly adequate translation of Horace, for the reason that the concentrated genius of the Latin tongue cannot be expressed, without loss and dilution, in a diffuse language like English. The most gifted translator, with such a handicap, is bound to fail. Still, there are several tolerable—barely tolerable perhaps—translations of Horace. Father Prout has delightfully "carried over" many of the lighter songs, adding thereto a perceptible trace of the Cork brogue. The great Mr. Gladstone's rendering seems about the least poetical known to us.—M. M.

Go, boy, get wreaths and fragrant nard,
  And a wine of sixty year—
If any such escaped the spoil
  When Spartacus was here.

And bid the sweet-voiced Naera come,
  Her hair tied back in Grecian style;
But if the surly porter balk
  Your quest, then, boy, retire awhile.

For greying hair forbids the strife
  Where wrath the judgment cool o'erpasses—
Not so I thought when the punch was mine
  And Plancus held the *fasces!*

To sum up then: It must be allowed that the late Q. H. Flaccus sports a set of very moist principles and presents an incorrigible case. He is *wet all the way through,* to the highest point of saturation. In truth, he is not possible or credible or of much literary value otherwise. "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark is but a poor simile for Horace *minus* his wine-jug—which he has carried so long and far without mishap. But a jolt seems due him very soon, and from a people undreamed of when he boasted his immortality:

My fame the Colchian shall reach,
  The Dacian and the far Gelone;
The witty Spaniard me shall read,
  And he that quaffs the rapid Rhone.

However, we need not give way to despair for our old genial friend, even though he does seem to be in for a little temporary occultation. Despair? *Per Bacchum,* no!

Nil desperandum Flacco duce
Et auspice Flacci.

As a long-distance champion, our hero is in a class by himself, and we are still game to plunge on the *monumentum aere perennius.* The vogue of Horace, perennial like his own Fount of Bandusia, really induces the mind to joyous and consoling thoughts—*per exemplum,* it fortifies us against the transient dominion of fools and fanatics. He was wearing his rakish laurel, *regnans et effulgens,* a few centuries before the polite world began to write ANNO DOMINI. And the odds are a hundred to one that he will survive to some remote age when an ocean shall cover this continent, and people sailing thereon in ships shall idly look over the side and remark: "Just fancy! all this was once *dry* America!"

CHAPTER III.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

I.

JACK LONDON ranks with our most popular writers of fiction. He has merits that are not necessarily included in such an estimation. His work is strongly individual and marked by an almost physical exuberance of strength. The adventure story is his peculiar province; he has all the brutal vigor of Kipling at the latter's best—the Kipling of the 90's—without the Englishman's rare spiritual intuitions and canny world-sense. Description and incident are his *forte*—he sounds no new depths of character. Like Kipling, his genius demands for its most potent theatre of action the contracted setting of the short story. Within this narrow compass he is a daring and wonderful performer, seldom failing our expectation or coming tardy off in his climaxes. Like Kipling, too, it may be affirmed of him that his strength fails him in what is called the regulation novel.* (His judicious ad-

*This criticism will bear a considerable qualification. In a personal note to the author, London said that he preferred to write short stories, but that the public was relatively indifferent to them in book form, and the publishers didn't care for them.

mirers, by the way, do not require it of him.) London's extended yarns are, therefore, not his best work: they are commonly spun out at a sacrifice of condensation and strength, and of all those dynamic qualities which have given him rank as a master of the short story. Naturally he is stronger in action than in reflection, and his philosophy of life is simple and seizable rather than varied or profound. This is also true of Maupassant, with whom in his special endowment as a short story writer, the American is not unworthy to be compared. It is not, of course, pretended that London was to anything like the same extent dominated by the Frenchman's artistic motive—his enormous popularity furnishes a guarantee against that. He affected a ruthless socialism which need not be taken seriously, but his humanitarianism was doubtless genuine and deep.

II.

OUR present concern is with "John Barleycorn," one of the latest and most widely heralded of London's books, few of which have lacked the réclame. And first of all I ask, why did Jack London write this book, so amazing in

"Martin Egan," a semi-biographical novel of full length, cannot be set down as a failure; the "Star-Rover," too, though somewhat congested and unrelated in its episodes, must be pronounced a solid achievement. Perhaps the "Call of the Wild" is but an extended short story; at any rate, it claims a "class by itself."—M. M.

its crude revelation and stripping bare of that which humanity is ordinarily bound to conceal for mere shame's sake? Why did he cast away the last vestiges of that not very considerable reserve which popular writers maintain regarding their private lives? Young and envied and successful, with every reason to be proud of himself and of his achievement, what could have moved this admirable writer, whose little known life suggested pleasing elements of romance, to present himself in an odious light as the Horrible Example of his generation—a proverb and a by-word for the temperance tub-thumper?

I believe that Jack London would have found it hard to answer this question in full candor. No doubt he was carried away in the heat of invention, to lay on with lurid colors, for it was characteristic of him to seek extreme effects, and this indeed is a vice of his art. In truth we have to go back to Rousseau if we would match the rawness of Jack London's confessions in "John Barleycorn." The point is one which the critics generally ignore. In this country it seems a man cannot disgrace himself by any abuse of publicity. Perhaps Jack London did not realize this himself in the éclat and excitement of having thrown off a book which has been discussed from end to end of the country. The temptation to which he yielded is the most subtle that besets the literary character.

But what has he done? Other literary men have written about drink—indeed, what poet or proser has not, from Homer to Horace, from Catullus to Omar, from Shakespeare to Byron, from Burns to Poe? The literature of the wine-cup is abundant in every age, as far back as Father Noah, who enjoyed the first "jingle" (Mr. London's favorite euphemism). Drink has been especially associated with the higher kinds of imaginative talent. From a time antedating written records, poets have celebrated the juice of the grape as a source of good cheer and health, of joy and inspiration. Horace is for all men of real culture, the finished type of sanity and genius: he firmly believed and elegantly stated that the total abstainer could not rise above mediocrity and was condemned of the gods. This idea religiously prevailed from classic times down to the Renaissance, which it fructified and inspired. Was there a mere water drinker among the company that met at the Mermaid with Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher? Look at the imperial bounty, the golden largess of English genius in those "spacious times of great Elizabeth," and contrast it with the crawling, snuffling mediocrity, the intellectual body-of-death which ensued under Puritan rule! The lesson thus afforded is one that will never be forgotten.

In human life, in history, the curse of over-

seriousness has played a terrible part. We are not surprised that it was unknown to the most joyous and artistic people that have ever lived upon this green earth—the Attic Greeks of the era of Pericles. United with religious bigotry or fanaticism, it becomes a scourge that has almost wiped out whole races of men, causing blood to flow like water and tears like mist. Once upon a time this devil's humor of over-seriousness, with the sib quality of religious intolerance, got hold of the English people. Matthew Arnold tells us what happened then:

"They entered the prison of Puritanism and had the key turned upon their spirit there for two hundred years."

The perversion of the religious impulse in the English Puritans gave birth to a whole satirical literature,—the mocking tribute which humor always pays to over-seriousness.

And so the Puritans, though they were not humorous themselves (God knows!) have been the occasion of much humor in others. Does not Macaulay tell us that they forbade bear-baiting, not out of compassion for the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators! . . .

III.

REVIEWING this book on its first publication, I said to Jack London, in the phrase of one of the Kings of Literature—"What are *you* do-

ing in that galley? Your place is not with the puritan and the prohibitionist and the narrow-headed fanatic. It was not from them you drew the inspiration that enabled you to achieve the big things in your life and in your work. Yes, I repeat with Molière—'What are you doing in that galley?' You have no sort of business there with the faint-hearts and the lack-spirits and the kill-joys of this world. You, whose fame is owing to the free spirit of literature, are you going to cast in your lot with those that hate freedom and, like their kind in the past, would forge fetters for the mind? Your presence among those *unco guid,* those wearers of phylacteries, is a reproach to your quality and your caste: to that which stamps you of the aristocracy of mind."

In "John Barleycorn," then, I admire the clever story-teller as of old, and note how his art has gained in color and strength and solidity. But for this other alien person that comes betwixt him and me,—the polemic, the puritan, the prohibitionist,—I cannot profess much regard. He is a marplot and a bad mixer, a bugaboo to frighten grown children, a vain and foolish *Sir Topas,* and in point of logical consistency, a scarecrow stuffed with straw.

Thus, he makes London own up to a hundred drunks, nay, by implication a thousand,—and then urges him to boast that he was never a drunkard! Who is fooling himself or trying to fool us, Jack

the story-teller, or Jack the polemic? London's graphic power enables me to realize drunkenness as never before, *from a book!* These pages are soused with alcohol, and lurid with the bale-fires of a drink-crazed imagination. But the author's physical "chemistry" does not call for alcohol, forsooth,—it is now and ever has been repugnant to him! He confesses to a genial cheat on his guests by taking two cocktails to their one. But he cannot otherwise get the "kick" desired, his constitution being so resistant to the alcohol! Only the most powerful stimulants yield him the "jingle" or excitement he craves (he speaks with contempt of beer and claret). And yet he has no constitutional predisposition to alcohol! As a boy he all but drank himself, on one memorable occasion, into a suicide's grave; and as a man he still continued to affront the White Logic which, translated, means the deadliest peril of excess—the Golgotha of delirium and death! Yet he vaunts that in his long comradeship with John Barleycorn he could drink when and what he wanted, and was always thoroughly conscious that he had "no liking for the stuff"! Alas, poor Jack!—this is of a truth the sophistry of the White Logic; and a very old trick it is that serves to destroy both the fool and the man of talent.

IV

WHAT, finally, do we get from this book in the way of light and leading?

Summing up all his experiences with John Barleycorn, in a faulty and hastily vamped conclusion, the author declares himself to be in favor of the complete abolition of the liquor traffic, since it has so variously misled and injured him, Jack London, a born non-alcoholic, with a physical chemistry naturally intolerant of spirituous drink, and who moreover has had a life-long familiarity with John Barleycorn! Could you better this as a piece of unconscious humor? And please observe that he does not propose to stop drinking himself by way of hastening the dry millennium which he wants to bring about—not of such martyr stuff is our hero made! (It is said there are Prohibitionists who take the same position.) He assures us, however, that he will in future drink "more skilfully and discreetly," and never again be a "peripatetic conflagration" unto himself. But he is persuaded it won't hurt him very much to stop drinking when no one else drinks, and when no drink is obtainable.

So we reach the end of "John Barleycorn," the most singular and diverting, the most curious and contradictory book on drink ever put forth by a writer of undoubted ability. My judgment

of it is, that it will not advance the cause of voluntary abstinence in this country. Jack enjoyed too palpably the many drunks which he celebrates with overmuch gusto—there is that Japanese jamboree, for instance, a riot of descriptive power that makes even the reader giddy. In all those many pages he does not offer a single conclusive reason against the moderate and wholesome use of alcoholic beverages, which commends itself to a vast number, if not a majority, of the sane, upright, decent-living people of this country. Wine has its place, as Charles Dickens said, and the abuse of a thing is no argument for its prohibition.

Of temperance in its true meaning of moderate use and enjoyment, Jack London says and apparently knows nothing; his disposition is all toward excess, and he cries out to be saved from himself! It is as though a glutton should demand the abolition of eating because he can not restrain himself at table. Such cases are fortunately rare, and come in the category of disease, since they mark a departure from the general rule of health and normality. Society, while taking humane cognizance of them, is not called upon to punish itself on their account. Evolution does not demand the sacrifice of the strong in order to preserve the weaklings of a race.

CHAPTER IV

A REFORMED RABELAISIAN

Grudge myself good wine. As soon grudge my horse corn. *Merci!* that would be a very losing game indeed, and your humble servant has no relish for such.—*Thackeray in Roundabout Papers.*

I

FOLLOWING the bold lead of Jack London with his "John Barleycorn," the clever Mr. Vance Thompson has put forth a book on drink. But the likeness does not, internally, go much farther. London's book, largely a personal confession, was, with all its faults, a better and honester piece of work; proposing himself as a Dreadful Example, it was not easy to question his experiences or deny his conclusions. Thus it happened to me, said Jack; and you could take it or leave it. This is the great advantage of the Confession in literature.

Thompson's book—he calls it "Drink and Be Sober," with satiric intention—lacks this logic and appeal, to begin with; it professes to set forth a generalized experience common to all men who drink, and to educe therefrom a uni-

versal conclusion. His contract is therefore much larger than London's, and his failure has been correspondingly greater.

And first of all, Thompson's book fails on the literary side: which will disconcert many who have long justly rated him as a delightful and accomplished writer, one indeed of a very small group who have generously devoted themselves to the somewhat thankless labor of fostering and building up a genuine artistic tradition in this country. The point, therefore, demands immediate explanation: Why did this practised man of letters, this sagacious observer of life in many countries, this cunning and persuasive stylist come to grief in the attempt before us? The answer is, because he wrote without true literary motive, without real conviction, and degraded his talent to produce a piece of "temperance propaganda."

In a word, his book is not a book such as we have a right to expect from his reputation and his past performance that have given him an envied place on our shelves. Its very title is suspect and carries a manifest dishonesty—for the label does not declare the contents of the package! In truth this is not a book at all but a Prohibition tract—a piece of propaganda pure and simple, which on many a page betrays the real source of its inspiration. Publishers' announcements are not usually dictated by the Spirit of Truth, but this from the emitters of

the work in question, would call a blush to the cheek of the Champion Circulation Liar:—

"The author has studied the problem of the drink question and has endeavored to write upon it a fair-minded book, with sympathetic understanding of the drinker, and with full and honest presentation of both sides of the question."

Of course the book is put together cleverly enough—Vance Thompson is an expert craftsman; and sometimes he almost makes us forget that it is a *pièce de manufacture* he is giving us. While he refuses to pose as the hero of his own fable, and to deliver himself as a Dreadful Example to the temperance tub-thumper,—so far declining the lead of Jack London—nevertheless he manages to create a personal interest in parts of his book and, in a rather half-hearted way, to identify himself with the subject. This affords him a chance to lug in a few journalistic experiences of his own whereof the "thrill" hardly compensates for the labor of writing. But I will cheerfully grant that in making these "literary" effects Mr. Thompson is notably more successful than in "putting over" his statistics and his ethico-scientific arguments. Here in truth is disaster for the clever Mr. Thompson, and all his literary fence avails him nothing with the judicious reader.

This part of his work—a very important part, be it said—is obviously gotten up from Prohi-

bition authorities which find little countenance or support save among themselves. As for giving both sides of the question—it is to laugh! Reading Vance Thompson, one might suppose that there wasn't the ghost of a simulacrum of another side to it—that the case was absolutely against drink from every conceivable point of view. Statistics, as we know, prove nothing, or they can be made to prove anything. Mr. Thompson offers a job lot—statistics "warious," in fact—to prove that drink is the chief author of poverty, insanity, and crime. Now I am far from seeking to minimize the great evils that flow from the *abuse* of drink (*sic*), but every competent student of the liquor question knows that Mr. Thompson's position—the position of the radical, dyed-in-the-web, dry-at-any-price Prohibitionist—cannot be sustained in fairness and common sense. Far from being endorsed and supported by up-to-date scientific research, it is largely based upon antiquated prejudices and exploded superstitions. The school of economists and sociologists which complacently charged up all the inequalities of the social state and indeed most of the ills of humanity to drink, has been long since discredited. To-day it has no more authority than the Brick Lane Branch of the Ebenezer Grand Junction Temperance Association by which Dickens satirized the Prohibitionists of his day. Evidently Mr. Vance Thompson over-

looked this rather important fact in getting up his present thesis.

I repeat, the position that drink is statistically shown to be responsible for the major part of crime, poverty and insanity, is an untenable one. It could not be maintained by abler controversialists than the author of "Drink and Be Sober," while in his unskilful hand it brings toppling down his whole structure of argument like a house of cards. The suddenness of the fall is not without a touch of the humorous, after the tragic glooms through which the author has led us. Mr. Vance Thompson's rôle of passionate Rechabite—an oddly incongruous one for him, by the bye—abruptly collapses; the slender literary underpinning of his thesis gives way at all points; and the admired stylist disappears under his brief! I am sorry for Vance, but as said a writer whom he and I alike revere and who symbolizes the eternal hatred of the artist toward the puritanical, Pharisaic spirit—*Quel diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* . . . What was he doing in that boat indeed?

II

It needed not a book by Vance Thompson to tell us that there is danger in drink, but he over-labors the point. Of course there is danger, and I believe that, for people of a certain con-

stitution, abstinence is the only safe course. But these are a very small number indeed, and the great majority, who can use without abusing drink, should not suffer deprivation on their account. Yes, drink is dangerous, very dangerous to some people, but even more so is the love of the sexes—that greatest force by which the world goes round!

Looking now a little more to the detail of this amusing essay, one sees at a glance that Mr. Vance Thompson proceeds by stupendous if not "glittering," generalities. This is his most original contribution to a subject in which he is, with all his literary resource and facility, a mere sciolist, not to say an incompetent dabster.

Truly he is a master of generalities, such as they are, and his method is to overwhelm the reader with them. Generalities crushing, complete, unqualified—that is Mr. Thompson's way of attack. Napoleonic, irresistible he doubtless believes, in his fervid proselyting zeal. And all the time he writes as if he were having the most glorious diversion in clearing the field of his adversaries. Such is the fearsome valor with which a man fortifies himself by the reading of Prohibition Penny Dreadfuls! Thus, all drink is bad, both in itself and its effects; all men who drink are either drunkards now or sure to become drunkards; there are no moderate drinkers—none who can drink with safety. Every

man-Jack of them is poisoned on either the higher or the lower functional levels (Vance is very proud of his "new science" and exhibits its terminology with an air!) Every devotee of the cup that cheers whether with claret or gin, is in this or that stage of moral deterioration, and every one is headed for the drunkard's grave, with such intermediate penalties and disgraces as may fall to him. Jacks and Jills, they are all bound hellward to the refrain of "Let me the cannikin clink!" Furthermore, drink, bad at its best, is all poisoned or adulterated in this country—"it is doubtful if you can buy a glass of pure beer in any saloon—or drink it in any brewery." There was a little old German on Staten Island, once upon a time, who made an honest beer (Vance seems to remember him with a twinge of regret), but he is dead and his brew with him.

This is sad, very sad for the army of Americans who were wont to consume sixty million barrels of the nectar of Gambrinus annually, and we must leave the matter between Vance and the brewers. Neophytes are proverbially over-zealous and apt to believe too much. This is the trouble with Vance Thompson, who has but lately joined himself to the Prohibition idols. So in his charge of wholesale adulteration he has followed the "temperance text-books" too blindly and brought discredit upon his present essay.

Here Vance is trading on the bugbears of the

past (mostly of prohibition manufacture) when he is not drawing upon his rhetoric and imagination. The tale of adulterants is fishy in every part, but as I said above, it is a matter we may leave between Vance and the brewers. (The California wine-growers also have a pretty bone to pick with him for his blithe accusation that they are plotting to ensnare and poison the rising generation). But this I will point out for the benefit of those who might possibly be led to swallow the monstrous fable: Dr. Carl Alsberg, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture, has publicly testified to the "cleanly product" of the brewers, while Professor Chandler of Columbia University, a leading authority on organic chemistry, has declared that the charge of adulteration in beer is "gross exaggeration," and that in point of fact he knows of "no adulteration."

So much for Vance's tremendous exposure of the Borgian brewer; turned inside out it looks strangely like a mare's nest, and it "don't scare nobody!" I think he would have done better to stick to his generalities, absurd as these are. But I suspect there was a literary motive behind all this portentous poison chapter. Vance wanted to work in that neat little reference to old Mithridates of Pontus who trained himself to take poison as part of his daily diet. It was, as it were, a sop to his literary conscience, which must

have revolted at the uncongenial task he had set himself, and so he put forth that merry conceit of the millions of drinkers poisoning themselves *a la* Mithridates. A piece of Pontian persiflage —no more. Ah, Vance!—it were better to stick to literature.

III

As I have noted above, Mr. Thompson relies mainly upon generalities to prove his indictment of drink of every alcoholic description, in every land, and under all possible conditions. This is the cardinal weakness of his argument, and it shows him a tyro in the art of controversy, and especially one incompetent to deal with a question of such importance. Also it betrays the hasty, "gotten-up" character of his material, which is all of the sensational, exaggerated sort peculiar to the drink alarmists. I have not space to hunt his generalities, though it would be good enough sport, and it would surely import an element of humor into the discussion, which, by the way, Mr. Thompson has carefully avoided. I cannot let him go, however, without noticing one or two of his most amazing "generalities."

Thus he paints a gloomful, shuddering picture of the evils wrought by drink in the wine-producing countries of Europe, France, Italy and Spain —a picture that is repugnant to common sense,

while it is contradicted by the best literary and scientific authorities, and by authentic testimony of every description. "No nation is drunken where wine is cheap," said Thomas Jefferson. Thrift is the leading virtue of the French people: —it does not marry with drunkenness. Sobriety is the mark of the Italian immigrant whose strong arms are now building up our great public works. Nurtured on the rude but wholesome wine of his country, he sturdily encounters labor which the native American is glad to decline. Germany too, is a wine country, and it drinks even more beer than wine; so Germany is included in the Thompson indictment. Are her people degenerate on that account? Let the recent war answer, which furnished a staggering proof of the valor, virility and stamina of the Teutonic peoples! What party to the great struggle surpassed them in physical strength, in spiritual fibre, in moral hardihood and resolution?

Mr. Thompson attempts to draw from the war a lesson favorable to his prohibition argument, but he is blind to the Great Lesson which I have here suggested, namely, that the German people have not been set back or visibly impaired by their universal use of wine and beer. Quite the contrary indeed!

Mr. Andrew D. White, one of our American worthies, testifies that during many sojourns

abroad he saw no drunkenness among the wine-drinking peoples of Europe. And he adds these words which, though few in number, contain a well-nigh perfect statement of the true philosophy of the drink question:

"It is my earnest conviction, based upon wide observation in my own country as well as in many others during about half a century, that the American theory and practice as regards the drink question are generally more pernicious than those of any other civilized nation. I am not now speaking of total abstinence—of that, more, presently. But the best temperance workers among us that I know are the men who brew light, pure beer, and the wine-growers in California who raise and sell at a very low price wines pleasant and salutary, if any wines can be so."

The famous Max O'Rell, type of the finished cosmopolite, has a notable remark in this connection:

"The more nations I make acquaintance with the more convinced I am that, in spite of his defects and vices, the Frenchman is the happiest man on earth. He knows how to enjoy life, and though moderate in all his habits, he partakes of all the good things of life without making a fool of himself. In France the teetotaler is unknown, as is also the drunkard; the one being a consequence of the other."

So Anatole France: "We French are pru-

dent, and the virtue of moderation is in our very bones."

Again harking back to the war and the prohibition moral which Mr. Thompson is at pains to educe from it, let us call a more notable witness. Dr. Ferrero, the brilliant Italian historian, not long ago asserted that wine makes for peace between nations and contributes to their growth. Italy first became anxious for peace when her hills and plains were overgrown with vineyards. The Italian people were as much alarmed at the petty revolt of Spartacus as were the simpler Romans over the invasion of Hannibal; for in Hannibal's time only grain crops could be destroyed, and these might spring up again next year. With the assurance of protection to viticulture came a growth in commerce and in the complex wants to which commerce ministers—the national interchange of art and invention; the spread of prosperity and culture. The social virtues were fostered to a point of emulation. Barbaric Gaul, which prohibited the importation of wine, is today at the head of the wine-growing countries, and Paris is the center for the highest types of culture. France is modern Italy and Paris is the newer Rome. Wine has contributed to the elevation of the former no less than to the ancient grandeur of the latter. The teaching of Dr. Ferrero is that civilization progresses with the broadening of man's capacity for rational enjoy-

ment—a lesson that we are grievously in need of to-day in this country.

"Hans Breitmann gif a barty."—Where is Vance's whirling generalization now? . . .

That France cut out absinthe proves nothing for Prohibition, though Mr. Thompson seems to be of the notion that it potentially settled the whole drink question. France is for use, not abuse, of every good thing in life. Absinthe was too easily abused: hence the prohibition. Nor should we forget that the "green terror" had a specially toxic effect which made it a drug rather than a drink. It is not to be classed with the harmless fermented beverages like the wines of France, which are her glory and pride.

The same with Russia's prohibition of "vodka": a heavily alcoholic drink, stronger and cruder than the "rankest" whiskey known to us. The Czar's act in suspending its manufacture, sale and use did not presage universal prohibition, as Mr. Thompson would have us believe in his joyous generalizing assurance. It simply meant that Russia was learning, a good deal later than other nations, a first lesson of civilization. Moreover, as we know, the subjects of the Czar soon turned to the use of drugs far deadlier than the prohibited vodka!*

*What is far worse in the view of Americans generally, they turned to Bolshevism, and it has been soberly asserted that but for the prohibition of vodka, they would never have done so. This is not impossible—revolutions have often hinged upon matters of less moment.—M. M.

IV.

I HAVE referred more than once to the new science which Mr. Thompson invokes to sustain his Quixotic charge upon the windmills of alcohol. It is worth while to be a little more specific in dealing with this feature of his book. He says: "Modern science—always skeptical, always restrained in judgment—has investigated and pronounced: alcohol is a poison for the individual and for the state. It is a pest like any other, and should be fought as one fights a pest. In this pronouncement of science there is no weak and untrained vehemence; there is the cold and steely veracity of scientific statement. You cannot get away from it. It is plain as a rock—as a fact. What common sense saw long ago, science has affirmed in words unmistakable."

Mr. Thompson here enunciates the most vicious of his generalities, and he may not plead ignorance therefor, in spite of the one-sided character of his brief and his obviously superficial equipment. He knows perfectly well that science has returned no such authoritative and sweeping verdict against alcohol; he knows that scientific men are divided into two hostile camps on the subject, and that sentiment more than science dictates the position of those who condemn unreservedly the use of alcoholic drink. It is indeed a case where the "doctors differ";

as numerous and imposing a list of authorities can be cited for the one side as for the other. The judgment which he quotes is that of the extreme anti-alcoholists; it would not be affirmed by many scientific men who have no personal predilection for the drink side.

Prof. Atwater of Wesleyan University, condemning the exaggerations of certain text-books on alcohol used in the public schools,—the very source perhaps from which Vance derives his misinformation,—illumines the point clearly and decisively as follows:

"We should not teach that alcohol is a poison, in the sense in which that word is ordinarily used. We may say, and with truth, that alcohol in large quantities is poisonous, that in large enough doses it is fatal, and that smaller quantities taken day after day will ruin body and mind. But it is wrong to teach our boys that alcohol in small quantities, or in dilute forms in which it occurs in such beverages as wines and beer, is a poison in the ordinary sense of the word. In all that we say on this point we must bear in mind that the intelligent boy knows well, and as a man he will know better, that people have always been accustomed to moderate drinking, as it is commonly called, and yet live in excellent health to good old age.

"We may say, and say truthfully, that the moderate use of alcohol is fraught with danger,

but the cases where the occasional glass leads to marked excess are the exceptions. If we present them to the thoughtful boy as a rule, he will detect the fallacy and distrust the whole doctrine."

A similar judgment is pronounced by the Committee of Fifty, a body of eminent public men and scientists who made a thorough investigation of the liquor problem in this country some years ago. These are its words:

"No one would maintain that a cup of delicately flavored tea is in any sense injurious or poisonous to the average healthy adult, and yet caffeine, the active principle of this cup of tea, is a poison as surely as is alcohol. The term poison belongs with equal propriety to a number of other food accessories, as coffee, pepper, ginger, and even common salt. The too sweeping and unrestricted use of this term in reference to alcoholic beverages immediately meets with the reply that if alcohol be a poison it must be a very slow poison, since many have used it up to old age with apparently no prejudicial effects on health."

In that respected medical authority, the London *Lancet,* there has recently appeared a statement put forth by a number of eminent doctors, professors, etc., strongly criticizing the sort of "science" which Mr. Thompson uses so liberally. It is as follows:

"In view of the statements frequently made as to the present medical opinion regarding alcoholic beverages, we, the undersigned, think it desirable to issue the following short statement which, we believe, represents the opinions of the leading clinical teachers as well as of the great majority of medical practitioners.

"Recognizing that in prescribing alcohol the requirements of the individual must be the governing rule, we are convinced of the correctness of the opinion so long and generally held, that in disease alcohol is a rapid and trustworthy restorative. In many cases it may be truly described as life-preserving, owing to its power to sustain cardiac and nervous energy, while protecting the wasting nitrogenous tissues.

"As an article of diet we hold the universal belief of civilized mankind that the moderate use of alcoholic beverages is, for adults, usually beneficial and amply justified.

"We deplore the evils arising from the abuse of alcoholic beverages. But it is obvious that there is nothing, however beneficial, which does not, by excess, become injurious."

Among the signatories were T. M'Call Anderson, M. D., Regius Professor of Medicine, University of Glasgow; Sir James Crichton-Brown, Sir Dyce Duckworth, Sir Thomas R. Fraser, Sir W. Gowers, Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, Sir W. Bennett.

Another major generality gone to smash!

V.

ONCE upon a time, when the world was braver and younger in Vance Thompson's eyes, he cried out from the artist soul of him against the anæmic state of the arts. And wisely he said:

"Wherever and whenever art and letters attain virility, vitality, force of hand, strength of creation, there you find this Rabelaisian spirit, which is, indeed, the spirit of the natural wholesome man, who loves and laughs, labors and prays, and is unashamed.

"There is just a trifle more to this than was hinted in Martin Luther's phrase: 'Wine, woman and song,' he wrote, and after he had written the words the devil appeared to him. Martin Luther threw his ink bottle at the devil (the stain is to be seen on a wall in Eisenach to this day) and routed him gloriously. This was well done of Martin. It gives us reason to believe that he would not have objected to an emendation of his phrase, which should make it read: 'Wine, woman, song and religious fervor.' And this perhaps is—as near as one can get it—that state of the natural man which is described as Rabelaisian."

Certainly Vance was in that happy state at the time he penned these bold and most true words. And how he could write in those reckless unregenerate days! Hear him again:

"I like to think of Rubens sitting in his garden (while his handsome wife sipped a glass of wine, and his handsome children frolicked with the peacocks), and sketching out, before breakfast, a masterpiece.

"What a great, flamboyant energy was here!

"When one thinks of Rubens there is a measure of discouragement in looking at the art and letters of the present day. I fear it is a little generation, dear Lord, a dyspeptic generation, which whimpers pallid roundelays."

There we have the real Vance Thompson—not the present contemner of cakes and ale, the fervid neophyte of the dry-bellies, the supra-zealous advocate of Prohibition. Of a truth, Bottom, thou art translated! And a sorry changeling* indeed for the bold spirit that uttered its protest in these splendid words:

"There can be no vital art of any sort until there has grown up an appreciation of the Rabel-

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*The following from the present book is typical of the new Vance Thompson, and it fairly represents the "sweet reasonableness" of his method:—

"Science made wonderful discoveries; and in the trail of the sane, laborious scientists there thronged all the mountebanks of thought—the Huxleys and Haeckels, who beat the drum in front of the booths of science. Came, too, the harlequins of a dirty and materialistic literature, from Zola (whose appropriate death was that he should be drowned in the vomit of his dogs) to that bad and sneering old man, Anatole France. Morality was kicked out of philosophy, as idealism was thrown out of literature. The world's thought at once became mean and dirty. (In poor old England the most conspicuous 'intellectual' was the dreadful Bernard Shaw; one nation fared no better than another.)"—M. M.

aisian spirit; until we dare to face our passions; until we are unashamed of the riot of red blood corpuscles; until we are frank enough to be what the dear Lord made us—lusty, joyous men and women, lovers of apples and flagons, carnal and unabashed!"

Thus Vance in the old joyous days when the world piped to him and he danced with the maddest; swagger times they were when he had the touchstone of genius that turned every experience into art. It is always pitiful when a man plays the Judas to self (as said Renan) and recants the brave faith of his youth; doubly so if, as in this case, the man is an artist and has given us hostages which now seem to look mournfully upon us from our shelves.

Alas, poor Vance! I do wish he had stuck to literature, his *vrai métier*. There be scribblers a-plenty whom we had rather spared to a "cause" which, logically carried out, spells the negation of all joy of life, all freedom and all art! To see this red-blooded Rabelaisian melt into a pale apologist of abstinence and law-enforced asceticism, is a thing to grieve the generous gods. For the world is no whit changed from what it was when Vance Thompson saw it with clearer eyes and a braver spirit. It is indeed ever the same, and the fight for liberty which he once so nobly voiced—liberty for the fullest expression of all the potentialities of life—goes on forever.

CHAPTER V.

THESE BENIGHTED STATES.

IT is small matter for surprise that Europe does not wax enthusiastic over the astounding success of the American Prohibition movement culminating in a National "dry" law. Beyond the cold and suspicious reserve which educated Europe always maintains toward our social and legislative experiments, there are reasons of special force for its dislike of our latest moral "departure". And chief among these (as I find them reflected in various foreign journals and reviews) is the conviction that we are, culturally, in a very primitive and backward state. The mere notion that we must forbid by statute and Constitutional Amendment a natural indulgence which a majority of the people undoubtedly desire, seems to be viewed by foreign critics as a stigma of American inferiority.*

It will not do to ignore this as "foreign uppishness" or to parry it as that "old hatred of democracy," with which we are wont to palliate

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*Your country began with a Declaration of Independence and ends with Prohibition! And as I passed the Statue of Liberty I had an inclination to want to see all the liquor on board ship poured out in an act of pagan oblation.—G. K. CHESTERTON.

such wounds to our national self-love. Let us rather seek frankly a truer motive for the criticism.

Between Europe and us the difference, so far as regards the present argument, is one mainly of intellectual standards and traditions. It is a pretty important difference, for it includes all that prepares a man's thought before he is born and all that he carries with him to the grave. Throughout Europe generally education is based upon and thoroughly informed with the classical tradition—and it should be needless to point out that the classical tradition is eternally hostile to all that is summed up in the Prohibition idea. We should expect this to be true of the Latin countries, France, Italy and Spain (which are, besides, extensively given to the vine-culture), but it is almost equally true of Germany, Austria and England. Indeed now that the *furor Teutonicus* is past and the world breathes freely again, it may do no harm to admit that Germany has carried off the blue ribbon in classical research, interpretation and scholarship during the past century. She has her own classics, too, and Heine is not a bad match for Horace—who has so interwoven the praises of wine with poetry that the two cannot be separated. Germany, like France, has her famous vintages, but the world at large is more apt to think of her beer, *i.e.*, her true national drink, anciently called

by the Latin name, *Cerevisia* (literally, strength of wheat). If she bears us any grudge for our late "interference," she could not ask for herself a sweeter revenge than to "wish" Prohibition upon us. From Teutonic notions, *bien entendu.*

For reasons obvious, English journals are more guarded in their comments, but it is clear that they judge our proposed experiment without illusions. English pride is to use and control drink. England has always held to the classics as the only sound basis of a liberal education; her far-famed universities continue to turn out men mighty in Latin and Greek. In those ancient halls of learning the anti-classical heresy of total abstinence has never gained the upper hand. By the way, Heine pointed out that the English are the Romans of modern times—a small state founding and administering a world-wide empire. Not without deep significance, then, is her attachment to the classic culture. All educated Englishmen have at least a tincture of the "humanities"—enough to make them swear by the tradition. We note this pride in all their better known writers.

II.

SOMETHING of the admired steadfastness of the English character, its pluck and indomitable spirit, may fairly be ascribed to this early

schooling in the culture of Greece and Rome—this familiarity begun in boyhood with the heroic tales of Plutarch and Livy. The English, like all deep-centered peoples, are tenacious of old custom and prescription: they affirm themselves in building upon the past.

Parenthetically I may remark that while heavy drinking, unknown in Southern Europe, has always been the reproach of England, the teetotaler has never been treated with much respect in that country. Dickens, the most popular of English novelists, lampooned him unmercifully —and indeed if you cut out of his books all that relates to the genial side of drink, there would remain but a joyless and sadly mutilated Dickens. Thackeray, with a more exclusive appeal, was also much given to moistening his pages—he seems always to write with Horace at his left hand. Lately I started out to count the references to drink in one volume of the *Roundabout Papers*—such allusions as are fatal to "dryness" —and they were so numerous that I had to give it up when half through the book.

It is worthy of note that the sturdy Briton (true to his classical tradition) did not suffer himself to be carried away by a "temperance panic," or any other, during the late war. When Russia had been pounded out of the battle line, when the conqueror of the Mazurian Lakes loomed terrible as the war-god Odin, when the

German "Big Bertha" was spitting her shells as far as Paris, when the Channel ports were expected to fall to the Teuton and the Zeppelins nightly hurtled fiery death and dismay upon London Town—not even then did the aforesaid sturdy Briton lose his head. He kept it—likewise his bitter beer and spirits. For a time he did indeed consent to a moderate curtailment of his drinking privileges. One may wonder what this "curtailment" really amounted to, since it transpires that the British liquor interests turned over unheard of profits during the war! And John Bull is now lustily enthroating his *Nunc est bibendum!*

What a contrast to the behavior of the "greatest people on God's footstool" who, three thousand miles removed from the trouble, heroically resolved to cut off their own drink and scrap the brewing and distilling properties of the nation, without compensation to the owners thereof!*

I submit the comparison is all in favor of J. B. and the classic tradition. If *hic, haec, hoc* paved the way for this exhibition of British grit and steadfastness, we should forthwith arrange

*Oddly enough, Turkey is the only country in Europe where, under the rule of Islam, abstinence from alcoholic drink is enforced, at least among the faithful. It is also the one country in Europe which our evangelical patriots would like to blot from the map.—M. M.

to have Latin taught in every "deestrict skule" in the land.

III.

It were vain to deny then, that cultivated Europe looks upon our Puritanical departure as a staggering proof of the national mediocrity. For, hurt as it will and must, that is the polite European notion of us. We are a mediocre people —and all the towering figures of our material wealth, etc., do not change the fact. In plainer words, we lack true culture and the sanity of mind which cannot exist without it. These things are the gift of the classic tradition, which is without root in our land.

Mediocrity is indeed a very ancient reproach of republics. But the European critic will here point out a difference which is not in our favor. A people that is racially of one blood and of the same national tradition will at times overcome or at least mitigate the reproach referred to, and this by reason of that occasional appearance of genius which is the privilege of race. Nothing is more true than that genius, in its higher forms, is always the flower of race. This alone explains Homer, Virgil, Dante, Molière, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Goethe, Balzac—all the giants. Now we Americans, being a mixed or conglomerate people, with racial infiltration from all the world, our case is not subject to

the exceptional relief mentioned. In other words, we must bear the reproach of an unqualified mediocrity.

Our foreign critic would point out the peculiar dangers to which our kind of mediocrity makes us liable; among these a passion for "crusades," vast and vague schemes of social perfection, moral and religious "drives," any idea that whips the mediocre mass-mind into action. To such agitations, however lacking in respect of reason or common sense, the newspapers and other popular prints lend the weight of their influence. Indeed the popular press of America, second only to the want of sound education, is accused as the chief fostering cause of the national mediocrity. It has effectually cured the long prevalent superstition that the printed word gives light—we know rather that it often spreads darkness visible. As a rule the writers for this press are little better than illiterates preaching to illiteracy. In no other country is the aim of the popular press so confessedly low. It apes the dialect of the vulgar and makes every concession to gain their support; it gives them back their own thought, seeks no higher suffrage than theirs, and looks only to circulation and profit for its justifying motive. Mediocrity is as a frontlet that the editor wears between his eyes; to anticipate the wish of the tasteless many is the devouring anxiety of his days, and success

in this object is the measure of his usefulness. With such teachers in the "seats of the mighty", whose controlling idea is to flatter and foster mob-sentiment, is it to be wondered at that the American public mind runs to such extremes as the Prohibition "crusade", or is frenzied to the pitch of lending itself to such "patriotic outrages" as are matter of very recent history?

Mark Twain sagely observes, from his personal experience, that a newspaper editor's job is the hardest in the world, because he has to write mainly "about nothing." Grave jester, we thank thee for that word! It is the great host of such men who write "about nothing", parasites without a good reason for existence, laying a toll upon every one, who shut the people out from the true sources of knowledge—it is *they* who have chiefly fastened upon us, in the estimation of European observers, the reproach of an utter mediocrity. And indeed it would often seem that writing without education or special training or natural aptitude (to say nothing of rarer gifts) is commonly regarded among us as an easeful and joyous occupation.* It gets one talked about at any rate, and that is high distinction for an American. Publicity or notor-

*During the war our merchants regularly put "literature" into their "ads"—a practice that gave an extra poignancy to the cruel sufferings of the time. Some of them appear unwilling to break off the habit.

iety includes all that we understand of literary fame, and he is reckoned a smart fellow who gets a lot of it. Men who have made their "pile" in other lines often evince a hankering for this sort of glory, so easily to be acquired. Nobody was surprised that Mr. Henry Ford should start a journal to enlighten his fellow citizens and do it as well as such things are commonly done in this country. We do not pretend that there is among us any sense of literary style or distinction—the mark of a cultured aristocracy. All print looks the same to an American, and the literary profession is degraded below the mechanical trades. The weasel mediocrity sucks the rare eggs of genius; fame and the golden prizes thereof are too often awarded to the cheeky and ignorant pretender.

IV.

In the European view, most American editors ought to be at school and not a few of them in jail. English opinion, waiving recent, *i.e.*, war-time compliments, has changed little in this respect since the days of Dickens, who satirized us unsparingly—yet perhaps not really to the point of libel—in his "Chuzzlewit" and "American Notes." But to ask that a people with such "pastors and masters" should grow wise and sane and considerate and eclectic and ripely cul-

tured, is to demand something too much of human nature.

It is frightful to think of the quantity of banal thought daily put forth and seven-fold renewed in volume and banality on Sunday, under which the hapless American mind struggles like a bug in a mattress. A despot of genius like Napoleon would shut up the printing shops, scrap the presses and put the *fainéants* of the pen to some useful work, such as making roads or reclaiming the desert lands. And what an enormous economic and intellectual waste would thereby be saved to the country!

Note also that in Europe, by virtue of the classic tradition, the book has precedence of the newspaper, which, by the way, is restricted to its legitimate functions, and usually edited with taste and intelligence. In this country the newspaper "hogs" the entire intellectual field, to the complete mental stupration of the public. It has all but killed the taste for books (we publish fewer and worse books than Bolshevist Russia), and it has so cheapened the printed word that nobody any longer believes in "literary genius." But its greatest achievement is that it has produced in the American people what may justly be called the *newspaper mind*—some of whose characteristic symptoms we have noted above. As a substitute for intelligence, the same provokes the derision of Europe.

Finally, there is the militant parson, perhaps the chief effective agent in "putting over" Prohibition. He, too, is untouched by the classic spirit, its humanizing culture, its delicate compromises, its wisdom drawing from the deepest springs of ancient thought, its perennial grace and cheerfulness, like the play of Horace's fountain. History has good reason, moreover, to remember a prototype of his—the Puritan of Cromwell's day, hater of mirth and innocent pleasure, persecutor and bigot, great in sanctity and slaughter, whose grim shadow falls across the gloomiest years in English history. Europe looks askance at this spiritual descendant of the English Puritan working out his crude vision of a theocracy in the wide states of America. Not less formidable seems he than his precursor, an iron man like Sir Altgeld, crushing down all opposition with his heavy flail. That he should have arrogated to himself a rôle of such malign importance at this time of day in "free America", is a matter of no small surprise to the cultivated foreign observer; and it helps to accentuate the European notion of our lamentable mediocrity.

Perhaps there is another reason for the petulant tone of foreign comment on the great change we have inaugurated in our laws and habits of living—they have grown so tired, "over there", of hearing, chiefly from us, that they

were "saved by America." They would now be glad, with a pardonable touch of malice, to see America "save" herself from the Prohibition fanatic and other obscurantists* whose constant effort it is to keep her in a state of intellectual childhood.

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*"I am not afraid . . . of the State under socialism interfering with personal liberty. America is not socialized, but look at the foolish law of national prohibition that you have adopted. You owe that ridiculous measure to the clericalism of extreme Protestantism. From the dawn of the race, mankind has fermented liquors and drunk of them. Are not Dionysus and Bacchus names for a great god of antiquity? Greece did not perish through drink."—ANATOLE FRANCE.

CHAPTER VI.

BLUE-LAW BOGIES REVIVED.

OPPRESSION in practice is more stimulative than oppression in theory. The Eighteenth Amendment was ratified, National Prohibition became an accomplished fact so far as the agencies of law could make it, and then, presto! a marked change was declared in public sentiment. As under a spell, the people had suffered this act to be brought to its fatal conclusion; but with the first touch of cold reality—*i.e.*, of Prohibition in practice—the charm was undone, and the law appeared in its true aspect—a monstrous reversion to the bogies of our historical infancy.

The chief value of Mr. Gustavus Myers's book * and the very important service it renders the public mind at this time, is that it supplies a cogent, attractive, well documented demonstration of the fact just stated. Some clever person has lately remarked that the English find it convenient not to remember history, the Irish cannot forget theirs, while the Americans possess

**Ye Olden Blue Laws,* by *Gustavus Myers.* The Century Company, New York.

a happy ignorance of the subject. There is quite truth enough in this epigram to barb the sting of it. One cannot readily conceive a people even slightly acquainted with the lessons of our early history so admirably summarized by Mr. Myers, giving their voice in favor of laws that annul their heritage of personal liberty and revitalize the worst intolerance of the past.

With Prohibition upon us and other kindred "reforms" threatening, we believe this book will be read far more widely and attentively than it would have been three years ago; but knowing something of the American public mind, we still fear that it will not be read widely enough or taken as seriously as it deserves. Mr. Myers has done an excellent piece of work, such indeed as we had a right to expect from his skillful hand; we wish it had been available in *ante*-Prohibition days. Doubtless the matter was to be had, scattered about in various histories, state records, and reports, etc.: what he has done, an unpayable service, is to assemble, harmonize and co-ordinate the essential *data* in a coherent and well-digested work. Mr. Myers has a strong *flair* for historical research, and it is evident that he has minutely surveyed a vast field. But he has, besides, a thesis in hand which would inspire and animate a far duller writer, a more phlegmatic commentator—and this thesis is the vindication of American liberty. So well does

he handle it indeed that the "dry bones" of old Puritan history take life under his touch and soon throw off a phosphoric glow by which both one's hindsight and foresight are marvelously aided. One sees with vivid realism what *has been* in the good old theocratic, minister-worshipping, hell-of-fire-and-brimstone believing times, and one gets a fairish notion of what *may be* presently due for us. If one may not dispute the truism that history repeats itself, then there is a mighty lot of edification for all of us, "wets" and "drys" alike, in Mr. Myers's book.

Our author shows, in effect, that Prohibition, of one sort or another, is quite the oldest game in America; that it has been from the start peculiarly a ministers' game; that it has always aimed at the inhibiting of natural or harmless appetites, with the avowed object of promoting religion and the greater glory of God and the incidental one of securing the complete dominance of the clergy; that such attempts have always failed in the long or short run, though sometimes persisted in for many years with every form of odious cruelty and persecution that could be devised; that the ministers were always to the fore in devising Blue Laws and urging the enactment thereof, also in demanding a heavy-handed execution of the same, but that they were never conspicuous in asking the repeal of such laws even when their futility, absurdity and impolicy

had been long demonstrated; that the clergy otherwise made themselves hateful to the people, their greed and grasping selfishness being a heavy count against them, as well as their slavish attachment to monarchism and aristocracy, and their undisguised contempt for the working classes and the common people generally; that in due consequence, upon the breaking out of the American Revolution, the people made haste to throw off the ecclesiastical tyranny under which they had labored the better part of two centuries, and demanded at once the immediate abolition of Church and State, with the fullest measure of religious liberty for all men; that accordingly all this was decreed, and some of the States went so far in their joyous reaction against the old hieratic order of things as to debar clergymen from sitting in the State Legislature or holding any sort of public office.

All of which the reader will perforce agree is of uncommon interest in the light of some very recent epochal events; and it really seems high time that we do something to overcome that smart fellow's gibe about our loose hold on American history!

II.

OUR author has done nothing better in his most valuable work than to bring out the astonishing fact that certain extreme "reforms" de-

manded by sundry religious bodies at the present time, and more of them held in abeyance for the future, were all or virtually all "tried out" in our Colonial period, at the instigation of precisely the same type of reformers. He has done well also to emphasize the little known fact that the honest Puritan people (irrespective of the ministers themselves, the wealthy and influential class and persons of consideration, for whom there was always immunity or indulgence) did not take kindly to the Mosaic rigors proposed for their bodily and spiritual welfare; never ceased to resist or evade or set at naught the Blue Laws, so far as they could; and in the end triumphed over both laws and ministers alike.

Tell it not in Gath—publish it not on the streets of Askelon: Puritanism, as called for by our zealous crusading ministers to-day, being the one thing under heaven that can save this nation —Puritanism was turned down and repudiated by the original Puritans themselves!

In a careful reading of Mr. Myers's book there occurs to me only one point which he seems not to have illuminated with his usual candor and clearness. Referring to the liquor-prohibition movement started by American clergymen in 1826, he says:

"It was ridiculed and derided, and the newspapers gave scant attention to it. But it throve on the very lack of publicity, which would have been fatal to any other kind of movement. It developed its own missionary

methods of gradually arousing and shaping a compact element of public opinion, and it created an efficient machine for influencing legislative action. Persistently working upon lawmakers, it finally obtained the success which the large opposition had thought impossible."

In so far as these few lines seem to convey that Prohibition was able to secure its great driving force and eventually its tremendous victory without favor of the public press, they are misleading and constitute a defect in Mr. Myers's book, which he will doubtless take occasion to remedy in future editions. The fact rather is that of late years—for a decade past, certainly—the Prohibition agitation was greatly helped by the attitude of an important section of the press. Magazines and periodicals of country-wide circulation started by refusing to publish liquor advertisements, with some ostentation to be sure; certainly and properly with the idea of pleasing their women readers, more often than not the bulk of their following. As is well known, such publications are remarkably prone to imitate each other's methods in the strife for popularity and business. With liquor advertising excluded and notice of the same carried as a standing certificate of righteousness, the class of periodicals noted were easily led to give more and more space to articles in the Prohibition interest. It seemed to be the eminently respectable thing to do, and presently there were magazines doing it which, in other senses, it would cost some vi-

olence to deem respectable. Many important newspapers and journals of opinion followed suit, yielding more or less to the same mixed motives of morality and business.* It would therefore be strictly within bounds of moderation to say that at the time Prohibition was preparing to deliver its *grand coup*, it had in its apparent and effective support the major part of the influential press of America. This is too important a fact to be slurred over or slighted in any estimate of the factors which made for that amazing and lugubrious result.

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*It is part of the unwritten history of the Prohibition movement that some important magazines and many newspapers, though at heart opposed to Prohibition, were coerced into adopting the same policy. Publishers played up the Prohibition sentiment in the supposed interest of their circulation, and editors advocated it, while praying that it might never come to pass.—M. M.

CHAPTER VII

WINE IN HISTORY

THE desire for stimulants is one of the strongest implanted in the breast of man. It is coeval with humanity and is no more to be disputed or condemned or repudiated than human nature itself. It is written in the earliest legendary records of the most ancient races; no human tradition carries the mind back to a time lost in the twilight of remote ages, when the heart of man was not solaced with the product of the vine or some kindred stimulant.

Wine has been happily and justly called "a precious gift of God," and such it is to those who know how to use it. But all human experience teaches that the best gifts of life and nature are easily abused. There are many sins of the appetite in which wine has no share, but for this reason the practice of eating cannot be generally disapproved or abandoned. The old adage, that *we should use but not abuse,* seems to hold the best solution of the problem so far discoverable by human wisdom. And it may be upheld that *right use, not abuse*—in other words, *true temperance*—is as compatible with regard to wine,

beer and other alcoholic beverages as with any article of the daily diet. Physiologists know well that there is an orgasm attending gluttonous indulgence in the solids of the table, which is even more dangerous and hurtful than intoxication resulting from alcoholic excess. The luxury-loving Romans made use of the red feather at their splendid feasts rather that they might *eat* than drink, to utter satiety. Tacitus and Seutonius have much more to tell us about the incredibly epicurean foods and sauces than about the wines of the patrician banquets; gluttony rather than drunkenness calls forth the bitterest strokes of the satire of Juvenal and Petronius.

Fanatical abstainers are never tired of protesting that the world would be an infinitely better place if what they call the "curse of drink" were removed from mankind. To this one can agree, *sans* argument; for the "curse of drink" is intemperance, and we are as much concerned to do away with that as the veriest teetotaler. But what of the *blessing of drink,* which consists in *true temperance* or *wise indulgence*: which lends the highest zest to life, and fortifies the soul of man against the approaches of age and the visitations of calamity; which has inspired the noblest races of men to fulfil their destiny and clearly distinguished them from those over whom they were called to bear rule; which has written the choicest poetry and composed the divinest

music in the world; which has enabled genius to depict its most splendid creations on the canvas or to carve them in marble; finally, which has contributed so much to cheer and support the onward march of humanity?

We have sometimes permitted ourselves to indulge the grotesque fancy, what would the history of the race have been without the alleviating drop of wine in the cup of human misery? Certainly, bereft of wine that makes glad the heart of man, that history would appear far sadder and darker and more lamentable than it is. Three-fourths of poetry and the better part of art would be lost to us. The lot of the common man—so terrible during the early and middle ages of civilization, when his life was the pawn of every petty war-lord or feudal tyrant—would have been deprived of what little hope or blessedness fell to it. The wars of religion, cruel and decimating as they were, would have been a hundredfold more ruthless and sanguinary. But the picture is in truth too dark to contemplate—imagination travels over that dreary sea of man's inhumanity to man and finds no islet of hope or mercy whereon to rest its wing.

But if this picture be objected to as overdrawn, we may at least have leave to consider what effect the loss of man's genial stimulant would have exerted upon the cause of human liberty. One of the most patent and salient lessons of

history—so clear that he who runs may read—is that the *drinking races,* the liberal consumers of wine and beer and ale, have always been in the vanguard of human progress and have made the greatest sacrifices for liberty. We have only to think of the stout English barons, their valor none the worse for being supported by generous draughts of mead, who compelled the grant of Magna Charta—England's great charter of liberties—from the unwilling tyrant John— of the ale-fed yeomanry of Britain, the victors of Crécy and Agincourt and a hundred other fields; of the valiant, beer-drinking Teutons who successfully resisted and finally overwhelmed the colossal power of Rome; of the heroic, wine-loving Celt, who has shed his blood for freedom in every land; of the gallant warriors of France, their veins filled with the blood of the vine, who under the spell of their mighty Revolution shattered the thrones of Europe and proclaimed liberty for all the world; of the wine-inspired battalions whose splendid courage and patriotism raised United Italy on the shield of nations; lastly, of the sons of these chivalrous races who fought to free this country and to keep it free.

Against this splendid array of valor and patriotism, of all that glorifies history and exalts humanity, the fanatical wine-hater can only adduce the example of the "unspeakable Turk." Yet it is notorious that the Turks, while generally

complying with the strict letter of their Prophet's inhibition touching wine, are more or less addicted to opium and other narcotics, to brandy, and to coffee in its most highly concentrated form. "The Turkey of to-day," says Jerome K. Jerome, "is the outcome of teetotalism."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CLOVEN HOOF

I.

RELIGION and Prohibition are not the happy yoke-fellows that some well-paid agitators would have us believe. In fact they are often at violent odds, whilst now and then it is seen that Prohibition is using Religion merely as a mask for Bigotry.

Thus, for example, in the comparatively new State of Arizona which voted itself "dry" a few years ago by a small majority, the following Amendment to the Constitution was adopted:—"Ardent spirits, ale, beer, wine, or intoxicating liquors of whatever kind shall not be manufactured in or introduced into the State of Arizona, *under any pretense.*"

This debars even the use of wine for sacramental purposes, although the same is usually excepted in prohibitory legislation. And right here peeps out the Devil's hoof of bigotry!

Roman Catholics are not very numerous in Arizona, but few or many, under the American Constitution they are supposed to be protected in the full and free exercise of their religion. It

is clear that the Arizona Prohibition law would annul this guaranty, as wine is essential to the sacrifice of the Mass in the Roman Catholic ritual. If there is no wine there can be no Mass, in the true and ancient and canonical sense.

Hence the Arizona Catholics seem to have had tenable ground for their complaint to the legislature, that the State Prohibition law was, at least secondarily, intended to mask a blow at their religion. Arizona's one Catholic Bishop, himself a man of rigid temperance principles, stood upon the sacred right of the Church to use *fermented wine* in the celebration of the Mass. The Arizona legislators, fatuously proud of their "bone-dry" law, made light of his protests and recommended him to use *unfermented grape juice* as a substitute. It was only after a costly and troublesome process in the courts that the Bishop was able to obtain the relief desired.

A like situation was developed in Oklahoma (these crude American commonwealths seem to take very kindly to intolerance) where the Anti-Saloon League had admittedly caused a law to be enacted barring the use of sacramental wine, it being alleged in excuse that a certain priest had abused the privilege of distributing such wine. Here again the Catholics took an appeal which the State bitterly contested. During a whole year, while the question was under adjudication, the Catholic priests of Oklahoma were forced to

violate the law—the only other alternative to abandoning the Mass. In the end the Church gained its suit; but though in this instance, as in that of Arizona, the wisdom of the bench afforded a remedy for the bigotry or ignorance of the legislature, one can but think how easily it might have been otherwise, and fear that the question remains inseparable from the Prohibition law and pregnant with menace to the future.

Many people will be interested to learn from these incidents in Arizona and Oklahoma, that Prohibition and Roman Catholicism can never make common cause together. And they will wonder perhaps to see the Old Church standing firm for liberal ideas—being as she has always been, for temperance through appeal to the individual conscience, and opposed to legal coercion of the same—at a time when the public rage for intolerance and limitation of personal liberty threatens us with a revival of the worst abuses of Puritanism. But in truth the Catholic Church in this country may well look to the future with concern as apt to bring her great trials. In the view of many unprejudiced people, this entire Prohibition movement savors of a new Reformation. Back of it is a powerful religious, nay, sectarian sentiment ever actively hostile to the Oldest Christian Church and only the other day recording itself as opposed to freedom for the Catholic majority in Ireland.

It may not be denied, in truth it is vauntingly heralded—that Prohibition is mainly the work of the Protestant churches of America (with some unimportant exceptions); and knowing its source and paternity, who can fool himself with the notion that it will rest content with the results already achieved? Many good easy souls cherish this hope, but not so the editor of *America*, a leading Catholic weekly and one professing a stanch Americanism, who sees in the Eighteenth Amendment a tremendous potential weapon forged by the enemies of his Church and held in readiness for a fit occasion. Nor does he get much comfort from Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler's disclaimer, on behalf of the Anti-Saloon League, of any intent to use the Prohibition law to the prejudice of the Catholic Church. This assurance, in his view, only stresses the fact that the Prohibitionists have power to proscribe the Mass, and as many of them regard the Pope as Anti-Christ, it is hard to see why they should not wish to do so. At any rate, this reverend editor declares that the Eighteenth Amendment, so far as Congress is concerned, brings religious liberty to an end. Logically he points out: "Congress may now forbid the Mass in the District of Columbia, in the territories and dependencies, and bar from Federal office all who violate the Federal law forbidding the use of wine in the Holy Sacrifice. That it can go much farther in

these days when the reserved rights of the States are almost daily flouted, is hardly debatable. For no longer is the Mass protected in any degree by the First Amendment. Catholic priests may lawfully say Mass only on condition, so to speak, of good behavior, and only if the Mass does not interfere, in the opinion of bigots, with the proper enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment."

II.

THE machinery set up by Congress to carry out the National Prohibition law permits of some relief to churches using wine for sacramental purposes or "like religious rites." It is obvious that such exceptions are not handily made under a law of such drastic scope. The regulations are often difficult to comply with, not merely from the perhaps necessary amount of red tape to be unspooled, but scarcely less on account of the odious inquisitorial atmosphere in which the whole proceeding is enveloped. I have heard several priests complain of the annoyance to which they are subjected in attempting to avail themselves of the relief provided under the law. But their harshest word is for the quality of the wine so to be had; (according to one reverend informant, it's a lucky thing that in the Catholic administration of the rite, the communicants are not required to drink it!)

Thus the journal above quoted seems justified from the Roman Catholic point of view in its weighty complaint that "at best the Eighteenth Amendment will prevent many a Holy Sacrifice (the Mass). At its easily feasible worst, it makes the Holy Sacrifice a crime. To this point have we been brought by fanaticism." . . .

Exhibitions of bigotry growing out of the Prohibition question are not, however, limited as between Protestants and Catholics, although that is certainly the most vicious and menacing form they take. Not all Protestant ministers have been overawed by the Anti-Saloon League and whipped into acceptance of this "reform." A few years ago, to cite one significant instance as representative of not a few, the New York Presbytery brought charges against the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst (noted no less for his eminent talents than for his public-spirited zeal and courage), to wit, that in the then recent California election he by personal letter influenced the result against Prohibition. Dr. Parkhurst's heinous offense was that he wrote to some persons in California who had asked his views on the matter, and stated that in his opinion Prohibition had always failed wherever tried. He further expressed the belief that a limited form of Prohibition would be preferable to a blanket enactment, and he favored legislating only against the stronger alcoholic beverages, whiskey, brandy, etc.

California rejected Prohibition, and so an attempt was made to hold Dr. Parkhurst responsible and discipline him accordingly. The mere fact of such a proceeding* certifies to what a head has grown the bold intolerance of those super-zealous persons who are seeking to yoke up Religion as a partner of Prohibition. It will occur to many people not lacking judgment that if Dr. Parkhurst could be brought to book for this "offense," it must have been like putting Common Sense itself on trial.

And if the servant can be so punished for speaking the truth as he saw it, what would the sapient divines of the New York Presbytery say to the Master Himself—who changed water into wine by the very first of His miracles, and who "came eating and drinking"? . . .

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*The Presbytery dismissed the charges against Dr. Parkhurst as lacking sufficient evidence, but at the same time expressed their sympathy with the California prohibitionists. Dr. Parkhurst, in a statement to the press, reaffirmed his position that prohibitory laws do not cure the evils of intemperance, while they open the door to other offenses and bring the law under contempt.—M. M.

CHAPTER IX.

A PROPHECY OF KIPLING'S

BY favor of the Great Source of Enlightenment at Westerville, Ohio,* the present scribe lately received one of its official, sacrosanct publications—a ray, so to speak, from the Central Sun. Among the literary exhibits was a "temperance" story ascribed to Rudyard Kipling and dealing with an alleged experience of that famous writer in a Buffalo saloon many years ago. It is in truth a very ancient yarn, showing the usage of time and the somewhat debasing effects of propagandist handling. Possibly the great author would be glad to forget it himself, and the discriminating public ditto, but the promoters of Prohibition have kept the poor thing everlastingly on the run since it first put on printer's shoes. The moral "blurb" of it is, I suppose, very strong; namely, that Mr. Kipling was so painfully affected by what he saw in the Buffalo beer saloon (it seems a young female person was led to overdrink herself horrid) that he then and there vowed to eschew his own bitter beer and whiskey peg for the future.

*Here are located the publication offices and the executive "works" of the American Anti-Saloon League.

Such is the tale ancient of days that I find in the Westerville literary organ. It has not been otherwise evidenced that Mr. Kipling had departed from the beer-and-ale tradition, which includes all the great names of English literature, ending not unworthily with his own. Nor does it appear that he has made any further contributions to what Westerville denotes as *The Cause*. It would seem that the experience of being used as a "ray" has not been entirely or unmixedly agreeable to the parent of *Mulvaney*. Contrariwise indeed, as I hardly need remind those who know their Kipling; for it was not by loving study and virile depiction of mere water-drinking persons, mollycoddles and moral perfectionists, that he won and still holds his far-flung following. Has he not given us the Book of the Manners of Simla, which, by dint of his art, brilliant and veritistic, has taken rank with the enchanted cities of Romance? Don't we know the ethics of those hard-playing, hard-drinking, hard-loving and, at a pinch, hard-fighting English—typical as they are of that larger colony which has always held the great Indian Empire for England? And in this Anglo-Indian code of life and conduct—not overnice or dealing much with fine points of scruple, but chiefly insistent upon plain dealing and man-spunk—what stands out more boldly than contempt for the weakling who cannot take his

whiskey peg? Kipling has indeed given us more than one "plain tale" to drive the point home. Nor will the faithful Kiplingite easily forget the heart-cry of the poet writing from London whither he had gone to gather his early laurels:

It's Oh, to see the morn ablaze
  Above the mango-tope,
When homeward through the dewy cane
  The little jackals lope,
And half Bengal heaves into view,
  New-washed—with sunlight soap.

It's Oh, for one deep whiskey peg
  When Christmas winds are blowing,
When all the men you ever knew,
  And all you've ceased from knowing,
Are "entered for the Tournament,
  And everything that's going."

It would seem, then, that the Central Truth, as functioning and revealing itself at Westerville, has paid the eminent English author a doubtful compliment by galvanizing beyond its natural term of life and constantly circulating the story above referred to. If the Westerville folks would do Kipling real honor let them show that he is a prophet as well as a poet—let them reprint and give widest currency to the memorable words which he wrote upon them and their

kind as far back as 1890. The passage I quote below is from an article describing Kipling's impressions of Chautauqua, first published in the Indian *Pioneer Mail* and now to be found in the regular editions of his books. I transcribe from the volume, "Abaft the Funnel," pp. 197-200:

Chautauqua, you must know, shuts down on Sundays. With awful severity an eminent clergyman has been writing to the papers about the beauties of the system. The stalls that dispense terrible drinks of Moxie, typhoidal milk-shakes and sulphuric-acid-on-lime-bred soda-water are stopped; boating is forbidden; no steamer calls at the jetty, and the nearest railway station is three miles off, and you can't hire a conveyance; the barbers must not shave you, and no milkman or butcher goes his rounds. The reverend gentleman enjoys this (he must wear a beard). I forget his exact words, but they run: "And thus, thank God, no one can supply himself on the Lord's day with the luxuries or conveniences that he has neglected to procure on Saturday." . . .

Oh, my friends, I have been to one source of the river of missionary enterprise, and the waters thereof are bitter—bitter as hate, narrow as the grave! Not now do I wonder that the missionary in the East is at times, to our thinking, a little intolerant towards beliefs he cannot understand and people he does not appreciate. Rather it is a mystery to me that these delegates of an imperious ecclesiasticism have not a hundred times ere this provoked murder and fire among our wards. If they were true to the iron teachings of Centreville or Petumna or Chunkhaven whence they came, they would have done so. For Centreville or Smithson or Squeehawken teach the only true creeds in all the world, and to err from their tenets, as laid down by the bishops and

the elders, is damnation. . . . Here in America I am afraid of these grim men of the denominations, who know so intimately the will of the Lord and enforce it to the uttermost. Left to themselves, they would prayerfully, in all good faith and sincerity, slide gradually, ere a hundred years, from the mental inquisitions which they now work with some success to an institootion—be sure it would be an "institootion" with a journal of its own —not far different from what the Torquemada ruled aforetime. Does this seem extravagant? I have watched the expression on the men's faces when they told me that they would rather see their son or daughter dead at their feet than doing such and such things—trampling on the grass on a Sunday, or something equally heinous —and I was grateful that the law of men stood between me and their interpretation of the law of God. They would assuredly slay the body for the soul's sake and account it righteousness. And this would befall not in the next generation, perhaps, but the next, for the very look I saw in a Eusatzai's face at Peshawur when he turned and spat in my tracks I have seen this day at Chautauqua in the face of a preacher. The will was there, but not the power.

Who will say that Kipling has not herein approved himself as a prophet of great virtue—a true seer who announced the evil to come to a blind and heedless people? The "institootion," whose crude makings were noted by his keen and prescient eye and traced by his satirical pen nearly thirty years ago, is now a fully perfected instrument of tyranny—otherwise, the National Prohibition Law! Within brief time it is expected to put an effective end to the fiction of

personal liberty in America. Mr. Kipling's only error lay in giving himself too much leeway as to the period required for the fulfilment of his prophecy. It has taken barely a single generation to do the trick!

CHAPTER X.

BACCHUS AND MR. SAINTSBURY *

I.

IN the present phase of sentiment as regards alcoholic drink, the subject-matter of Mr. Saintsbury's little book will doubtless not commend itself universally to American readers. Its authorship is, however, bound to secure for it an uncommon share of public attention, and as certainly will it be deemed "savorsome" by the very large minority—doubtless a majority in many States—who are not in accord with legislative prohibition. Mr. Saintsbury, now in his seventy-fifth year—a fact which would not be suspected from the vivacity of the present opusculum—has deserved eminently well of Letters. He is the Dean *emeritus* of English literary criticism; his long career has been signalized by the production of many works useful to literature and scholarship. In particular he has rendered service of the first order by his critical labors in the field of French fiction; he has helped Bal-

**Notes On a Cellar Book.* By *George Saintsbury.* New York: Macmillan & Company, 1920.

zac to an English dominion scarcely inferior to that over which the great romancer rules in his mother tongue. A remarkable stint of work for any man, and such as must beget a sympathetic interest in this latest offering of his pen.

In the preface to this book Mr. Saintsbury tells us that he once had it in mind to write a History of Wine, and did actually begin it, but forbore carrying out the idea till it seemed too late in the day to attempt an exhaustive work on the subject. A hint having gone forth to the English publishers (who are less chary of the theme, and for cause, than their confrères in this country) he was induced to throw together certain personal notes and reminiscences, with the modest hope of "adding a little to the literature of one of the Three Great Joys of Life." A hope well justified in the result, will, we think, be the verdict of every unprejudiced reader of this most entertaining and significant book.

Indeed one must be glad that Mr. Saintsbury was prevented from executing his first intention, to add another to the massive works upon œnology—already a sufficiently copious and neglected literature. No doubt it would have been the best of them all, for as our hearty author justly boasts, he has "never yet given a second-hand opinion of any thing, or book, or person." A definition of "exhaustive" works is, that they are apt to exhaust the reader, and the chances are

that such a monumental treatise as Mr. Saintsbury could have produced would lie unread, save by experts, at the libraries; whereas this, in the true sense, *provoking* little book will enjoy all the benefits of a wide circulation, and is eke sure to receive a full portion both of blessing and cursing.

It will be granted at once that the author has a right to his cue. He has passed the Psalmist's limit of the allotted age of man. He has lived a full and rich life, marked by strenuous labors and notable achievements whose usufruct will long advantage the student and lover of literature. Such a man will not speak without duly weighing his words; he may be wrong as well as another, but his "works and days" plead for him, and command from us the fullest measure of attention and respect. Be it added that he discourses with a *verve* and sprightliness which might be envied by one of not half his sum of years; withal there are few, if any, "dropped stitches" in the course of his narrative.

II.

Mr. Saintsbury's championship of wine is a fine and notable thing; one feels that it goes fitly and properly with his sturdy age; with his ripened scholarship and love for the *Humanities* (of which there are many graceful indications

in these all too few pages); his staunch Toryism, crusty but genuine, like his regretted Port of '51; his firm attachment to the old gentlemanly order of ideas; his drastic and wholesome contempt for what he honestly deems the mawkishness and perverse unreason and sciolistic sophistication of the "so-called Temperance party"; his abhorrence of "Pussyfooting," imported, alas, from our regenerated America—the word makes him snort like a war horse! There is in truth but too much reason for the Grand Old Man's heat and perturbation. Time was, he says, and not so very long ago, "when one could afford to treat the adversaries of honest drinking with a good-natured and rather lazy contempt. They punished themselves, and they could not hurt us. But that time has passed. The constituencies have been flooded till they have become incalculable, the general commonsense of the country has been weakened by an overflow of so-called education; statesmen, never the most trustworthy of persons, have become utterly untrustworthy; and the great institutions which once were towers of refuge and strength against popular delusions, have opened their gates to any rising of the waters." As in the opinion of very many persons, like causes have produced the tremendous fact of legal prohibition in this country, the remarks quoted, though perhaps too late for effectual help on this side, must be read here with

a lively interest and perhaps a mournful *ex post facto* confirmation.

Our author affirms that there is absolutely no scientific proof, of a trustworthy kind, that moderate consumption of sound alcoholic liquor does a healthy body any harm at all; while on the other hand there is the unbroken testimony of all history that alcoholic liquors have been used by the strongest, wisest, handsomest, and in every way best races of all times, and the personal experience of innumerable individuals in favor of the use. Again he notes as one of the most amazing audacities of the Total Abstinence advocates,* the assertion that "even moderate drinking shortens life" (a text of school-book science in many of These States, by the way). This statement he declares to be susceptible of disproof, for everybody knows instances of moderate drinkers (the reader will think of the author's own) who have reached ages far beyond the average term of man, "in a condition of bodily health which compares with that of most, and of intellectual fitness which should shame that of nearly all teetotalers."

As for the "abuse" argument, our author

*"All fanatics and all faddists are dishonest," he remarks, but it is a question to our author's mind, "whether the most Jesuitical Jesuit of the most heated Protestant imagination has ever outdone a thorough-going temperance advocate in the endless dodgings and windings, suppressions and suggestions of his method." In this country it is considered anti-Biblical to impeach the honesty of Prohibition fanatics!—M. M.

quotes *Abusus non tollit usum* (abuse does not remove use) as the simple and sufficient reply to that; and he further declares, with almost unexampled courage, that "for every evil deed that fact or fancy or the unscrupulous exaggeration of partisans can charge upon alcohol, it has prompted a hundred good and kind ones; that for every life it has destroyed or spoiled it has made thousands happy; that much of the best imaginative work of the world has been due to its influence (here surely Mr. Saintsbury has a right to speak); and that it has, as has been amply shown of late, given 'more power to the elbow' of stout workers and fighters in the best of causes."

The reader is not to suppose from the extracts here given, that the book before us is wholly or even in considerable part devoted to the polemics of the eternal drink question. There is indeed, and happily, but a mere *soupçon* of that unprofitable sort of discussion, though it is remarkably fresh and of a most candid significance. The body of the work, which by the way is dedicated to Rudyard Kipling—"one of the best of fellows, the best poet and taleteller of his generation"—is occupied by a history of Mr. Saintsbury's experiences in keeping a wine cellar; literally as the title has it, the record of a cellar-book. He quotes with infectious approval Thackeray's saying,—"Grudge myself good wine? as soon grudge

my horse corn"; and as to the financial outlay involved in his modest epicurism, the same being spread over more than half a century, he has these honest and striking words: "There is no money among that which I have earned since I began to make my living, of the expenditure of which I am less ashamed, or which gave me better value in return, than the price of the liquids chronicled in this booklet. When they were good they pleased my senses, cheered my spirits, improved my moral and intellectual powers, besides enabling me to confer the same benefits on other people. And whether they were good or bad, the grapes that had yielded them were fruits of that Tree of Knowledge which it became not merely lawful but incumbent on us to use, with discernment, when our First Mother had paid the price for it, and handed it on to us to pay for likewise."

III.

THE subject of wine is so variously related to and identified with literature* that our author justly feels his present work stands in no need of *apologia*. It will indeed please the mere lover of letters as well as the *bon vivant* and the con-

*Dickens and Thackeray both write so much in appreciation of wine and similar "creature comforts" that it seems only too likely their works will ere long be drastically "edited" by Prohibition expurgators. In which event America may boast that she can mar, if she cannot make, literature!—M. M.

noisseur of wines (specimens of both are, presumably, still extant and unabashed amongst us!). Perhaps nothing in the book is more pleasing than the following ingenuous disclosure of its purpose and motive: "It is sometimes forgotten that only one of the two peaks of Parnassus was sacred to Apollo, the other belonging to Dionysus (Bacchus). The present writer has spent much of his life in doing his best, as he could not produce things worthy of Phoebus, to celebrate and expound them. It cannot be altogether unfitting that he should, before dropping the pen finally, pay such literary respects as he may to the other sovereign of the 'duplicate horn'."

The story of Mr. Saintsbury's cellar-book *per se* must be left to the reader's sole enjoyment, without anticipation here. A quaint and delightful chronicle it is, and as we have a right to expect from such a pen, interspersed with many an apt literary hint and suggestion. The discussion of the various wines of France, Spain, Italy and Germany, of the ales of England, Scotland and Ireland, together with many other "far-flung" alcoholics, is all shrewd and informative, and be it added, never in the least boresome—whereas teetotal literature is invariably and appropriately dry. Our author is always interested, and so he always interests, even though his subject be a *malum prohibitum*. He is to be credited with a most catholic taste in his long commerce

with the "good creature wine." A noble impartiality as regards all the members of the alcoholic family seems to be his outstanding virtue; and it somehow endears him even to a disinterested, because dry, American reader. True, some few tipples, especially certain Sherries and Madeiras, are pronounced "supernacular"—a magistral adjective that, and but little known to our usage; but for none has he a bad word, not even for Absinthe, the "Green Terror" of the anti-alcoholists, to which indeed he devotes one of his most brilliant pages. Of a favorite Port he remarks feelingly, that the Almighty might have caused a better wine to exist, but that He never did! Nothing does you so much good as Champagne, he sagely opines, if you do not drink it too often; Claret and Burgundy he took a full share of during more than forty years, or until gout threatened. Hock he places among the "First Three" or even the first five or six greatest wines; not even his sturdy British patriotism can move him to forswear his allegiance to the king of German wines. Red Hocks are mentioned as specifics for insomnia. He always "kept some whiskey going," while he had acquired in Guernsey, and not lost in Scotland, a taste for Hollands (gin) which he pronounces a "very excellent, most wholesome, and at its best, most palatable drink." He reprehends the "abominable tyranny of enforced 'breaking down' to thirty below

proof, which has spoilt the ethers of the older whiskeys terribly." Irish whiskey when good, he allows, has the national characteristic of being singularly ingratiating. "All alcoholic drinks, rightly used, are good for body and soul alike; but as a restorative of both there is nothing like Brandy." (O ye oracles of Westerville, Ohio, well may you be stricken dumb!) Even Absinthe, the most open to abuse, is sovereign sometimes, as after sea-sickness. Rum is the most carminative and comforting of all spirits; without it that most glorious liquor called Punch, which is nowhere spoken against in the Scriptures, could not be made. Gin, too, though so unjustly reviled and maltreated, is one of the most wholesome of all the clan, and a real specific for some kinds of disease. As for the several liqueurs, "those who can drink them and do not are fools, but those who *can't* drink them and do are worse fools, and unjust men too, since they bring scandal on an excellent creature and consume that share of it which should go to others."

There is no beverage which our gustatory author has liked to live with more than Beer, and he regards Cobbett's belief in this liquor as the noblest feature of his character. Nearly all bitter drinks are good. The comeliest of black malts is that stately liquor called of Guinness. Genuine Lager Beer is no more to be boycotted than genuine Hock. Cider-apples prove that Pro-

vidence had the production of alcoholic liquors directly in its eye; they are *good for nothing else whatever,* and they are excellent good for that. Cider is almost sovereign for gout. Mixed drinks are liable to lead to the consumption of too much sugar, and sugar is as unwholesome as its derivative alcohol is healthful. Spirit asks for water, but "wine and beer ask for nothing but their own goodly selves, and somebody to drink, appreciate and not abuse them."

IV.

OUR author's resentment of the American "moral invasion" of Great Britain—a "subdolous and impertinent foreign interference," he calls it—inspires some of his wittiest and most amusing sallies. He speaks of the word "dry" as having acquired from us a "new and blasphemous signification," and refers to the boasts of Prohibitionists as having dried up this country by "sowing pseudo-scientific tarradiddles in American school-books." The American practice of drinking whiskey "neat," which he takes for granted, explains the difference between the English and American attitude in regard to alcoholic liquors. He would like to have used the "empties" from his wine-celler in "pelting any Pussyfoot who would make our dinner-tables dry places, and deprive our hearts of that which God sends to make

them glad." Believing in a Providence which makes the punishment fit the crime, he avers that the "thirst of the Pussyfoots in the Seventh Circle, *if they are allowed there,* will be ten times that of the drunkards." Thanklessness towards God and malice towards men, the spiritual attitude of the devotees of "dryness," seems to our author to constitute about as awkward a "soul-diathesis" as can be imagined. Pussyfoot science in his particular *bête noire,* and its consecrated phrase, "toxic euphoria," as applied to the drinker's elation and sense of well-being, he pronounces a vain and fallacious thing. Worth noting too is his remark that real men of science cannot be too carefully distinguished from "scientists"—a word of bad etymology and one too much played upon in our American reform texts.

There is a chapter on Bottles and Glasses done in a curiously learned and withal diverting vein. The concluding part of the book is oddly, yet not inappropriately made up of a set of *menus* from the author's own table, which abundantly manifest that his precept and practice were in accord; in view of their historical as well as biographical interest, the space is not unworthily occupied. And the final word will perhaps seem to not a few readers the most apposite in the whole book. "Alcohol can be obtained from all sorts of things; not so a vintage wine, one of the most perfect of Nature's products—to those who can appreciate

perfection." This is the word of one Professor H. E. Armstrong quoted by our author. Mr. Saintsbury piously caps it: "And it is so. On those who would deprive us of it let the curse of Nature rest!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE LESSON OF CANA

WHETHER the good Lord did or did not in His Holy Book forbid man's use of wine, or whether He expressly favored it by text and injunction, and even by His personal example,—these are questions that have added mightily to the sum of temperance polemics.

In point of fact, whole libraries have been written on the subject, and the parties in controversy are still as widely separated as ever. Some of the Protestant churches are as acutely divided on this question as they are upon the gravest doctrinal points, and the literature referred to has been mainly produced by Protestant divines. On the other hand, the position of the ancient Catholic Church is well known and easy of understanding: it condemns the abuse, not the moderate use, of wine, and its theologians do not exhaust themselves in disputing the plain letter of Scripture on the subject. It leaves the matter of total abstinence to personal election and the individual conscience, while enjoining *true* temperance upon all its members. Nor could the ancient Church do otherwise, since wine is

essentially used as a part of its most august sacrifice in commemoration of Him who both made and blessed it.

To return to the Protestant discussion: it cannot, of course, be denied that in several places the Bible commends and indeed virtually enjoins the use of wine, while there are many texts that speak of it as a source of content and happiness, and as a reward of labor. Surely there is nothing to surprise in this, since the ancient Hebrew people were as much given to viticulture as to the raising of sheep and cattle. Down to the time of Christ, the fruitful, well-pruned vineyard was in their familiar speech a chief symbol of prosperity and well-being. In KINGS, IV, 25, the sacred writer gives us in a few words this immortal picture of a happy, peaceful and contented people:—

And Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his own vine and under his fig tree, from Dan to Beersheba, all the days of Solomon.

It need not be pointed out that there is scarcely any image so frequently on the lips of the Divine Master as the vineyard and the vine, etc. Take it away and the Divine Parables would be shorn of their chief beauty.

In the Bible there is condemnation for the drunkard but not for the moderate user of wine. Nay, in the very oldest times of which the Good Book tells us, the Lord seemed to view with an

indulgent eye the sin of vinous excess. Noah was not punished for his drunkenness, and Lot also went unrebuked for his offense, although it led to the far worse transgression of his daughters. And many are the texts that show the warriors of Israel drinking deep after victory.

So much for the Old Testament. Now the argument *pro vino* is still stronger in the New Testament, since we find the Savior Himself making wine—the first of His miracles, as if to signalize it!—at the marriage feast of Cana. Aye, and the wine He made by the imposition of His own blessed hands was of so rare a virtue that the guests wondered and complained that the best wine had been kept back until the close of the feast. We can well believe that they would not have so spoken had He only given them *torash* or unfermented grape juice. No, it was *yahyin,* true wine, and undoubtedly the best that was ever drunk on this earth. Mark well that besides giving wine to the marriage guests of Cana, Christ was giving a lesson of love and liberality to all future time!

The lesson of Cana seems to be lost upon the intolerants of our day, who yet wear the livery of the Nazarene while preaching an uncharity which never was voiced by His divine lips. Such are the men who write tiresome books or articles contending that the Lord made grape juice and not real wine at the Cana feast; also that the

Father never gave His approval to any other brand.

Is it possible, the reader asks, that learned men occupy themselves with such childish questions in the Twentieth century?

Aye, but they do, and something more—they seek to make laws to bind us all, founded upon this very childishness and ignorance and batlike refusal to see the light. And they are getting these laws passed at a steady rate,—here by piecemeal, there by blanket enactment, never letting up but always coming back, however often repulsed,—until one fine morning we may waken to find ourselves snugly shut up within the prison-house of a new Puritanism!*

In this connection I wish to note a very just and pertinent rebuke for these reverend sinners against light, which crops up in the course of an article on "Moral Law and the Bible" by Arthur J. Westermayr in the *Open Court*. The writer, a profound Biblical scholar, contends that those who claim a Divine sanction for the present parson-led agitation against drink and their own labors for Prohibition, are in serious error. They have simply wrested the Scripture to their purpose, but as Mr. Westermayr points out:—

"Here the pseudo-moralist is condemned from the mouth of the witness he invokes. The pa-

*This was first published in 1915; the prediction has been literally fulfilled.—M. M.

triarchs, prophets and reformers referred to in the Bible were all drinkers of wine and strong drink, and Jesus himself approved it by giving *yahyin* (fermented wine) to his disciples at the feast of Cana, and generally recognizing moderate drinking as among the proprieties of social life. The use of the Hebrew words *yahyin,* meaning fermented wine, and *torash,* referring to unfermented grape juice, is important in this connection to meet the puerile argument of some prohibitionists, who, to serve their purposes, try to torture into the Bible-texts what is not there. In the instances referred to, the word *yahyin,* and not *torash,* is used by the writers of the Synoptics and the books of the Old Testament."

CHAPTER XII.

NEW CRUSADES.

Crusades are such you may not slight 'em,
And they go on *ad infinitum*.

BALLADS OF DRY-TIME.

IN no way have we Americans betrayed our provincialism as a people more flagrantly, than by the eternal newspaper-dubbed "Prohibition Crusade," an early symptom of which over three-quarters of a century ago moved the wonderment of De Tocqueville. The mere tolerance of it, with all its machinery of humbug and hysteria, not omitting honest fanaticism, may be a testimony to our public sense of humor (if it does not rather prove us fatally wanting such quality); but it argues a confirmed childishness or inability to "grow up" and an incapacity to "set our house in order," which has long seemed to justify a rather contemptuous attitude on the part of European critics. As the nuisance referred to cannot be said to have ended with the enactment of the National Dry Law, it seems quite horrible to have to take for granted, with-

out the glimmering chance of an alternative, that we shall have the Prohibition crusader always with us!

But at least we are promised some diversity of entertainment. Already while the country is still in a state of incomplete aridity and the Government seems, in spots, rather hopelessly at grapple with the problem of enforcement, there is talk of an organized movement or "crusade" (we can never let go of that word!) to prohibit the use of tobacco in the United States and its dependencies, etc.* It is parson-led and parson-inspired, of course, and assurance is given that the women of the country (excepting a negligible contingent in the cities) are eager to take it up. We were sure it would come, and indeed it has long been predicted; even by the present writer, for instance. But I made the mistake of putting it too far in the future. I forgot that Prohibition, once fairly started, seems to wear the Seven-League boots of the fable.

Well, why shouldn't this "crusade" come along? It is quite as logical as the demand for the prohibition of liquor. Indeed the arguments for both are precisely similar and conduct to the same conclusion, viz., that Americans are not competent to exercise their will and judgment in regard to using liquor or tobacco, and the pres-

*Utah has recently enacted a stringent anti-cigarette law. Similar legislation is proposed or pending in other States.

sure of the law must therefore be applied. Only the change of a word, you see!

Read the following sample culled from some "reform" literature on the subject:

"Whiskey, morphine and cocaine spell their own words of warning. Tobacco does not.

"But few people fall victims to whiskey compared with the whole. Only five per cent. of the world's population are drunkards. But tobacco spares none. Less than three per cent. are abstainers from this noxious weed. The tobacconist, like the brewer or distiller, is anxious to become his brother's keeper—for his own profit. There is not the slightest excuse for his avocation. He is in a business whose sole tendency is to kill. It has not one redeeming feature. Its altar is Greed, and its priest Ruin.

"Lady Nicotine may be more refined than the demon Rum, but she gets in her subtle work just the same. What Rum does clumsily, she performs with exquisite art; and where Rum carries off her thousands, she vanquishes her tens of thousands.

"Consult your criminologists and keepers of prisons as to the relation of tobacco to crime, and you will find that the real criminal, the really depraved, professional sneak-thief, highwayman or burglar is the pupil of the tobacconist as well as the the saloon keeper. The man who learns to skilfully roll and quickly consume cigarettes, too often becomes an expert in the handling of billies, pass-keys and the forger's pen.

"The tobacconist cannot offer a single valid reason for the existence of his business. It is an Altar of Greed, upon which every year millions of his fellow beings are ruthlessly sacrificed."

How joyously familiar all this sounds! In fact it is the old Prohibition patter adapted to the new subject, without any changes to speak of. Wonderful that the liquor prohibitionist did not think or at least act on this idea before. He could have driven both "reforms" teamwise or tandem with ease and force, while the financial rewards were sure to be doubled.* Just fancy how the sympathetic spinsters of the land and the pious, easy dowagers will open their fat purses for the new Crusade! In some respects it is more appealing and may pull better than the Old Game.

Yes, there is variety promised—one dare not say a pleasing variety, so many people's toes are going to be stepped on. That unterrified man-of-God, the Rev. Wilbur H. Crafts, who craftily represents the Puritan conscience at Washington, announces a drastic programme of Sabbatarian reform, which not a few have interpreted as a threat to revive the Blue Sunday of our Colonial forefathers. Desecration of the Sabbath by frivolous amusements and unnecessary employments will no longer be tolerated. Healthful recreations on the Sunday will be reduced to the vanishing point. One presumes that the announcement of compulsory attendance at church

*It is well known that Mr. Rockefeller has long been a heavy contributor to the war-chest of the Anti-Saloon League and to the Prohibition movement generally. This does not make oil any cheaper to the American people.

is but withheld for the present, or until the reform forces shall have fully unlimbered.

Inevitably the theatre, that ancient bugbear of the Puritan kill-joy, is due for a thorough chastening; it will be ruthlessly shorn of the "continental freedoms" which have been winked at of recent years in deference to the foreign element in our larger cities. That latest and most seductive device of Satan, the "Movie" or Cinema, will have to battle for its life: save in its least innocuous, *i. e.,* entertaining exhibits, it is evidently anathema with and singled out for destruction by the *unco guid* of the present dispensation.

Astonishing is the periodical recurrence of the Puritan in history: he cometh like the old-time phlebotomist to tap the people when they wax fat and kick in their insolence like Jeshurun, and when as he sagely diagnoseth, they need to have their carnal humors leeched away from them. In the heyday of Puritanism in England, that is to say, in Cromwell's time, the forerunners of the Rev. Wilbur Crafts *et id genus omne,* used stronger, more sulphurous language than their present-day successors, but their purpose was substantially the same—to quench the joy of the human spirit in its natural, innocent and lawful manifestations, and to establish an odious moral tyranny with no better warrant than the dictates of their own gloomy and, for the mass of the

people, obsolete pietism. One of those old Puritans contemporary with Red-nosed Noll put forth a book called *Histrio-Mastix* (The Player's Scourge) from which in order to point the present moral I beg leave to make the following mild quotation:—

"There is scarce one devil in hell, hardly a notorious sin or sinner upon earth, either of ancient or modern times, but hath some part or other in our stage-plays.

"Oh, that our players, our play-hunters, would now seriously consider that the persons whose parts, whose sins they act and see, are even then yelling in the eternal flames of hell for these particular sins of theyrs, even then whilest they are playing of these sins, these parts of theyrs on the stage! Oh, that they would now remember the sighs, the groans, the tears, the anguish, weeping and gnashing of teeth, the crys and shrieks that these wickednesses cause in hell, whilest they are acting, applauding, committing, and laughing at them in the playhouse."

In view of the copious and elastic scheme of reforms barely indicated above, one may congratulate the Merry Men of the Prohibition Regular Army on the outlook for a profitable and indefinite extension of their term of service. The Prohibition programme is in truth without limit or restriction; like the veterans of Cæsar, the warriors of "reform" proceed from conquest to conquest, and their job goes on forever.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAYZELLIA.

We, the American people, are now to all intents and purposes living under a Gynarchy, and the symbol of government is a Powder-Puff!

—A FOOLISH PHILOSOPHER.

I.

THE newspapers have been telling the troubles of an unhappy man in California, whose wife's absorbing interest in politics and public affairs caused the breaking up of their home.

In California women have the suffrage, and men have Prohibition—something the worst of it, as they are coming more and more to realize. A case in point is this poor man referred to. He is a successful doctor and commands a good income; moreover, nothing is alleged against him in his marital relations, and as a citizen his character stands above reproach. Blame for the domestic crash is generally placed upon the wife, who answers to the front name of Mayzellia. I wonder why it should be thought necessary to go beyond that!

This lady is typical of many of her sex in our country who think they have a mission to reform things in general when they only want to dodge their home responsibilities. In plain terms, they are sick of the "domestic sphere," and refuse to be tied down to womanly duties. They loathe child-bearing as ruinous to the shape,* etc., and so they want to be politicians, office-holders, and leaders of opinion.

Woman always rules—hut or palace, city or kingdom, and observe, not by virtue of her equality to man, but solely on account of her difference from him, which is indeed a *little thing* in one aspect, and yet, metaphysically regarded, an infinite matter.

Believe me, Mesdames, I am your friend, likewise your slave, for you have always ruled *me,*—but if you be well advised you will go slow about this equality business. For by the faith of man, that way lies your defeat—since all your efforts

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*A super-sister in Duluth has solved the problem, and thus she gives forth the glad tidings:

"Child-bearing should be confined to women of the lower type, who are not capable of suffering. They should be selected for breeding. There should be no mothers among the girls whose nervous temperaments are encouraged by cultivation of music and art."

It seems useless to ask, what becomes of the old-fashioned notion that the chief object of every woman's existence is to produce children to the glory of God, and that the better the woman the better will be her children? By a fiat of the new Feminism, this goes into the discard, we suppose.

And the fortunate husbands of these seedless Superior women, how are they to fulfil the paternal instinct? A mere question of detail, of course, and we doubt not that Feminism will arrange for it.—M. M.

to equalize the sexes do but tend to minimize the *little difference!*

Saving the handicap of sex—and by the way, it doesn't seem to be much of a handicap to a lot of women—the ladies in our country have a far better time of it than the men. I don't mean merely in regard to being sheltered and protected and provided for: a condition that womanhood properly demands. I go beyond that.

Women are the money-spenders of the race: from the cradle to the grave, the average American has it dinned into him that his paramount duty to his women folks is to provide for their extravagance. There is indulgence for other forms of backsliding, but not to shell out to the ladies is ranked as the Unpardonable Sin. Men are killing themselves to find the money they crave—crave—crave—insatiable as the daughters of the horse-leech. Read the newspapers: debt, bankruptcy, dishonor, suicide—what tragedies are owing to this cause alone! I make bold to say that there is scarcely ever a great commercial failure or crooked insolvency but you will find a woman behind it—spending the money!

Go into any of the great stores of New York. You would say that they exist mainly to supply the clothes, the conveniences and the luxuries of the Beautiful Sex. And such clothes!—why, to dress some of these women for a term of years

must be equal to buying a gallery of Old Masters. All is woman—woman—woman in this factitious world where nothing is of any use to you but money—money—money! See how these big stores advertise in the newspapers—whole pages addressed to women exclusively—the spenders of the race!

John Wanamaker shoots his mercerized French at them; all the shopmen are popping away at milady's vanity and pride and love of ostentation and, above everything else, her desire to spend,—the one inalienable right and prerogative of her sex. Are not most women alike in this?—

> Theirs not to reason why,
> *Theirs but to go and buy!*

As for poor mere Man, he's mighty small persimmons in the view of these wise shopmen. If, once in a long while, he ventures to creep apologetically into one of those so-called dry-goods palaces more especially devoted to the needs of the gentler sex, the very one perhaps where the wife of his bosom is leaving the bigger part of his income—I say, if he scrapes up courage to sidle in and attempt to negotiate a second pair of pants, his present bifurcations being somewhat on the shine, the odds are that he is crushed and humiliated by the haughty aristocrats in the

hand-me-down department, finds himself hustled about with scant ceremony from one counter-jumper to another, and at last is relieved to get himself kicked out at a side-door opening on an alley, with the guilty parcel under his arm!

I repeat, then, that comparing the lot of the sexes in general, women have the better time of it. This is as it should be, of course; but to listen to the man-haters, you might suppose the contrary was the truth.

II.

It seems that women are eager to prove their capacity for politics and statesmanship; that they are conscious of a mission to reform and elevate the standards of public service. Well and good, yet it may be hard to give a woman higher work or work more vitally important to the welfare of this nation than the government of the home, the bringing up of her children. I would like to see every American woman fit to be compared to the Roman matron Cornelia who, when a lady friend had been boasting of some trinkets which she had just bought at the *emporium Wanamakerum* or department store of those days, called in her two fine boys and taking each by the hand said proudly to her neighbor, "These are my jewels!"

After all, you can't blame Mayzellia so much.

She has been told by half-baked intellectuals of the Dr. Woods Hutchinson and Dr. Frank Crane genus, that her brain power is equal to man's, that her moral strength is greater, that she has been too long his slave and the passive mother of his children, and that it is high time she should rule the roost, also take a hand in public affairs. Magazines and newspapers, cunningly interested for their profit, have flattered and cajoled the poor thing along the same line. Politicians disgruntled with their party and seeking to rule or ruin, have given her similar bad counsel. Puritans and fanatics, hoping through her aid to fasten an intolerable system of espionage and moral slavery upon a free people, have done more than all the rest to lead her astray. These interested and perniciously active persons knew well what they were about: they made the woman believe that they were going to help her to a larger freedom for herself; but all the time they were proposing to forge chains for the rest of us.*

So Mayzellia of San Jacinto flouts her liege lord and tells him go to, when he mildly submits

*Too many women are disposed to use the suffrage as meaning *more liberty* for themselves but *less liberty* for men. We do not want a second era of Puritanism in this country, but there is reason to fear that a large proportion of the newly enfranchised sex, in their present stage of development, would like just that sort of thing. Personally I should not care to linger along in a world where all the risk and romance of life, all the temptation and struggle that keep man from sinking to the jelly-fish, were reduced to the qualified thrills of a W. C.

that a hard-driven professional man ought to have an occasional warm meal instead of a cold hand-out—she has a soul above such sordid things. To his remonstrance that he has scarcely seen her in a week, she grandly replies that her duty to society, to the public, comes before mere sentiment. Then while he cowers crestfallen over his ill-cooked and hastily assembled hash, she stalks forth to attend a woman's primary. The cook is not long behind her, and the upstairs girl beats it after them both. Do you wonder that the poor man finds something like the image of desolation in his home? . . .

Americans have only themselves to blame and the mush-headed sentiment toward women, largely the creation, as I have said, of the parasites of publicity. What the end will be, God alone knows! But ere the end comes there will be many in the sad plight of the California medicine man, whose wife in the pride of intellect

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T. U. picnic. Let us keep our man's world! Who would wish to see the bold hazards of life trimmed and reduced for the protection of the mollycoddle.,† and to promote the survival of the unfit? I believe these risks and trials were appointed to test the fibre of the race, and that if we turn from them now, we shall do so as cowards and degenerates.

But women are fast learning the lessons which the obligation of the ballot imposes; they will ere long refuse to follow their self-appointed guides and masters into the wilderness.

†*Mollycoddle:* According to Theodore Roosevelt, a yielding or compliant politician; also, an effeminate or weak-fibred person generally; also, according to Admiral Chadwick, an epicene individual or man exhibiting certain moral and even physical characteristics of the female sex: in this latter view, a degenerate from the normal type of virility.

scorned her domestic duties, letting the wigwam run to seed. A large part of the trouble with this country at present seems to be—too much Mayzellia.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WITNESS FOR TRUE TEMPERANCE

I.

FOUR hundred and fifty-odd years ago, before the discovery of America, there was born in Venice a man-child who lived to round out his century and whose simple philosophy of sane and healthful living has never been improved upon by all the succeeding generations. A little book which he wrote, embodying his own rules for health and the attainment of long life, is become one of the world's classics. It is so simple that a child may understand it, and only a fool could fail to be impressed with its homely precepts. But I doubt if a more useful book has been put forth in those four and one-half centuries by the Honorable Profession whose business it is to save and prolong life.

Lewis Cornaro lived long, very long, before the Dietary Expert with his learned chemistry of Proteids, etc., and it never was his lot to look an American Breakfast Food in the eye. Also he was not a doctor, and though he speaks of the Healing Profession with due respect, he plainly lets

us know that he followed his own head in laying down the rules which kept him in steady health until he had turned the hundredth milestone. He does not make a single reference to the Pharmacopœia. More than once, when threatened with illness, he declined the aid of physicians, and tided over the trouble by re-enforcing his golden rule of moderation. And once he got very ill indeed through breaking his rule and taking the excess of nourishment which they had urged upon him. Cornaro, as I have said, never reflects upon the Faculty, nor even speaks of them with tongue in cheek, but he makes it quite plain that a wise man needs no physician. This is the golden lesson of his book which has come down to us untarnished through the centuries.

Cornaro's rule of health and long life is summed up in one word—Moderation. Nothing easier to agree to, in theory; nothing more difficult to live up to, in actual practice. How little men are disposed to moderate habits is evident from the unique fame which Cornaro's book has enjoyed from its first publication. The shrewd old Venetian has survived many a more ambitious author, and he has more readers to-day than ever before. Deservedly so, for there never was a book written of truer value to human kind.

Finding his health broken at forty, owing largely to the table vices of the period, Cornaro resolved to apply himself to a strict course of

temperate living. His friends thought he had gone mad, and his relatives were sure that he would soon make an end of himself. In their kindness they did not spare telling him the harsh truth. At that time and for long afterward temperance was almost unheard of both among the laity and the clergy. Many persons of the better sort carefully abstained from drinking water, choosing to use beer or wine whenever possible. Even worse than the drunkenness was the gluttony to which all were addicted who could afford the cost. "How many friends of mine (says Cornaro in his first treatise) men of the first understanding and most amiable disposition, have I seen carried off by this plague in the flower of their youth!" Hence he is urged to print his first short discourse, "On a Sober Life," being especially moved thereto by certain young men who had seen their fathers drop off in their prime, and marveled to see Cornaro sound and hearty at eighty-one. He was eighty-three when he thus broke into print (a deliberate author!), eighty-six when he published his second treatise, and ninety-one when, his fame now widely extended, he gave his swan song, the "Earnest Exhortation to a Sober Life." It may be said at once that the literary form of his writings is of a pleasing, old-world quaintness, while throughout they breathe of a great ardor and sincerity. Of the old man's vanity there is not a trace and,

more wonderful still, nothing of the garrulous tendency to which old men are apt to be given. An important point this. Had Cornaro been less studious of brevity, had he borrowed the pen of Polonius, all his wisdom might not have floated his book down to us. This was quite as fine an achievement as living to be one hundred years old. Moderation, then, was Cornaro's golden rule. Let us see how he defines it himself.

"This sobriety is reduced to two things, quality and quantity. The first, namely, quality, consists in nothing but not eating foods or drinking wines prejudicial to the stomach. The second, which is quantity, consists in not eating or drinking more than the stomach can easily digest; which quantity and quality every man should be a perfect judge of by the time he is forty, or fifty, or sixty; and whoever observes these rules may be said to live a regular and sober life."

It will be thought that Cornaro needed no revelation of even uncommon sagacity to arrive at these simple and obvious conclusions. At any rate, by *acting* upon them he became one of the first men of his century and also gained a seat among the Immortals. As I have said, his philosophy still seems novel and empirical to us:—nothing is harder than to subdue the hog in human kind. Were it not for this stubborn fact, doctors and undertakers would be the worst paid of all the Learned Professions.

II.

WHILE Cornaro was a foe to intemperance in eating and drinking, his book yields small comfort to the Prohibitionist and total abstainer of our day. The vicious theory that the most moderate use of alcoholic or vinous drink is still hurtful to health, finds in him an immortal witness to the contrary. For he declares that "wine is the milk of old age," and he insists upon it again and again as an indispensable part of a truly temperate diet. "The meat I constantly ate," he says, "the wine I constantly drank, being such as agreed with my constitution and taken in proper quantities, imparted all their virtue to my body." He regularly allowed himself twelve ounces of food—bread, meat, the yolk of an egg, soup—and fourteen ounces of wine. Once, as mentioned above, upon the advice of friends and physicians, he increased the allowance of both food and drink by two ounces; the result was a long and painful illness, he being then in his seventy-eighth year. Thereafter he returned to his Golden Rule. Probably the doctors gave him up as a hopeless case. He fooled them for twenty-two years longer!

Writing at eighty-six, he declared that he never knew until he grew old that the world was beautiful; a memorable confession. He now took four meals a day instead of two, as formerly, but he

did not increase the total quantity of food *per diem*. By thus dividing his meals, digestion was made easy so that "my spirits not oppressed by much food, are always brisk, especially after eating, when I am accustomed to sing a song, and then to write." His plan was to eat but just enough to keep body and soul together. His diet consisted of bread, panado (bread-porridge) egg-broth, soup or spoon-meat, wine. He ate veal, kid and mutton, poultry of every kind, partridges and other birds. He took fish both fresh and salt. Garden stuffs, fruits and pastry he seems to have shunned, not as being bad in themselves, but as disagreeing with him. Thank goodness, the Vegetarian has nothing to say to Cornaro.

Writing at the age of ninety-one to the Patriach of Aquileia, Cornaro gives a signal proof of his mental vigor and sprightliness. This letter is truly an astonishing production, even without regard to the writer's age; there are phrases in it that have the smack of immortality. Thus he says, "As I advance in years, the sounder and heartier I grow, to the amazement of all the world. I, who can account for it, am bound to show that a man may enjoy a terrestrial paradise after eighty."

At this time (as indeed until the end of his life) he was in full possession of his faculties. His practice was to employ eight hours daily in writing treatises with his own hand "on subjects

useful to mankind":—a modest claim which the reader will think abundantly justified. I doubt if another book could be named which exhibits happiness and almost lyrical gayety of spirit as the portion of extreme old age. Now in his last decade Cornaro seems to be more fully alive than ever. His memory and understanding were perfect; even his teeth and eyesight were good. A portrait made shortly before his death entirely bears out this account of himself; the fire of the eyes is very remarkable,and there is not a hint of the debility of age.

Cornaro is never without a simple piety which gives its own charm to his book, and in his closing pages, his last testament, it sometimes breaks forth in a strain of touching exaltation. The grand old optimist had something of the Saint in his make-up! We do not like him the less for it.

To the reverend man of Aquileia he writes that his habit is to spend many hours walking and singing, for—and here is a delightfully human touch—he was most proud of his voice. "O my Lord, how melodious my voice is grown! Were you to hear me chant my prayers, and that to my lyre after the manner of David, I am sure it would give you great pleasure, my voice is so musical."

He now finds himself unable to drink any wine of whatever kind or country from the beginning

of July till the end of August, in consequence of which he is brought very low. It is here that he speaks of wine as the "milk of old age"; for he declares that were not the new wine to come in so soon, he should be a dead man. In two or three days, as every one marveled to see, the new wine restored him to his former health and strength.

III.

CORNARO affirms that when a man has passed eighty he is entirely exempt from the temptation of sensual enjoyments and wholly governed by the dictates of reason. He may then hope to end his days without sickness, by mere dissolution.

This prediction was exactly fulfilled in the event. Cornaro received the death which was the due reward of his noble life, than which there have been few lives more useful and exemplary in respect of the great lesson it offers to mankind. He passed away, sitting in his chair, without apparent agony or struggle. I like to believe that the voice of which he was so proud was raised at the last in expression of the Divine hope which had cheered and sustained his long pilgrimage. His book survives him, an immortal witness for right living and true temperance. Very useful is it to-day when a reaction of Puritanism, conspiring with a spurious science, seeks to set up false standards for the public confusion and misguidance.

CHAPTER XV.

SLANDERING GENIUS

I.

FROM far-off Alberta comes a letter from a woman, asking if I can confirm a report that the late Elbert Hubbard was overmuch given to drink, in spite of his professed leanings toward prohibition. My correspondent avers that, while lecturing in that country a few years ago, the rumor ran that he was "spifflicated" a great part of the time. The testimony to the point, she further avouches, is copious, circumstantial and apparently veracious. Thus a popular legend is seen in the making. The lady seems to write without prejudice, and her letter merits a reply.

I will say at once that this is not the first time the story has reached me; indeed, the legend that Elbert Hubbard was in the habit of overworking the Lecturer's Clove is a tolerably familiar one. Yes, I have heard it often, trimmed up with Variations, and elaborated with Art, made plausible by Circumstance and attested by the Unim-

peachable liar. And, of course, I have never believed it!

The Fra and I had not been in familiar habits for many years before his death. He might have taken on a Chronic Habit of tipping his elbow without my personal knowledge. But again, I don't believe it. He was not that type of man, and the amount of work he got through with to the very end sufficiently refutes the canard. I imagine it grew out of his association with the vaudeville stage in later years:—the "Profession" is quite hospitable to such legends.

That Hubbard could and would upon occasion take a social drink, is certainly true; at least it was during the period of our active friendship. He was enough of an artist to know that stimulus and inspiration were so to be had, if wisely ordered. Also, like Gorky, he knew that the artist must experience all things; and with all his keen-eyed devotion to the Main Chance, Hubbard saw himself chiefly as an artist. But he was resolved to negotiate the "cup" without the "adder," and in this he succeeded, if ever a man has done so.

On our first meeting in the good old town of Albany, New York, we were both young enough to sit up at Zeller's for a night's talk (after he had lectured for the Sons of Abraham), and we did it over the beer of Beverwyck—a famous brew in those halcyon days. The Fra seemed

to stay in very well, but I reckon the talk held us more than the drink. Anyhow, there were no regrets afterward, though I had to go home in full daylight wearing a dress suit, and with a comic dazzle in my eyes that was not all of the sun. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student:—sweet are the errors of youth, and I am envying those two fellows who talked it out so bravely over the amber brew, without fear of the morrow.

During my early visits to East Aurora when the Roycroft was small and struggling and of a devil-may-care spirit which, to me at least, was worth all the later prosperity, there was a Buffet maintained for extraordinary visitors. It was cannily guarded and administered by the Fra in person, and donations thereto were not violently repulsed. There was a brand of hard cider whose "kick" I still recall quite distinctly. It is true the Buffet did not last long, owing to occasional raids of the remittance men and the privateering of Ali Baba.

Elsewhere and at other times I have known Hubbard to take a cocktail or sip a glass of wine, in deference to his company, but I never saw him the worse for drink. In point of fact, he was always the better for it, and he has told me that some of his best and happiest ideas came to him in just that way. (He is not the only writer who has made me a like confession). His self-

control was perfect and he was not one to tarry overlong in Bohemia. But he liked to show himself within its liberties, and to claim a share in the fellowship of talent which is the eternal lure of that delightful, though perilous, country.

Such was Elbert Hubbard when I knew him as a close friend, and such I believe he remained to the end of his days. The story of his alleged drunkenness is surely a fake, only worth noting because it helps to mark a curious phase of popular perversity.

II.

WHO has not known similar stories, equally plausible and incredible, to be told of poets, writers, artists, actors, men of talent? Do they not seem to be of the enduring stock of human invention? What tale so monstrous and absurd affecting a man of talent but it shall get credence and circulation and a marvelous term of life? Elbert Hubbard could have counted himself a lucky man if no worse slander than this were ever put upon him. It is indeed a ghastly truth that such men as he seldom hear the vilest and most incredible things that are whispered about them.

For it seems to be a fixed belief and an incurable superstition of the mediocre mind that great mental power is always accompanied by some

moral handicap or abnormality. Hence the obscene legends spawned of the vulgar imagination, which are attached to so many famous and illustrious names. It is the toad's answer to the swan—the eternal penalty which mediocrity exacts of genius.

Few of a truth are the great artists and poets who have escaped this penalty; nay, we are loth to grant them the highest merit should they lack the stigma of slander. Glory and Golgotha refuse to be separated!

The sins of the artist are always exaggerated (I have said this before), for the vulgar reason here pointed out, and also because the exercise of his power of expression and revelation places him, so to say, under a burning glass in all men's eyes.

In a way he becomes a vicarious scapegoat for the sins of others; that is to say, for the mediocrities who pronounce judgment upon him.

The great William of Avon remarked, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

Probably Shakespeare was not thinking of himself when he wrote these words, but the connection is bound to occur to us. What great poet has been more greatly slandered? Has he not been judged a man too low and ignorant to be the author of his own immortal Plays and Poems? Does he not stand accused of being the

leman or lover of other men?—There is no real proof, of course,—excepting his immense and unrivaled genius!

Take another example. For a time Byron seemed to challenge Shakespeare's "pride-o'-place" in English letters. His genius was as a sun of glory before which all the poets of his age vailed their farthing dips. The vulgar answer to Byron's fame was an obscene legend without parallel, which even in our day has received additions; for Mediocrity never forgives. A whole literature of filth has been created about this proud and dazzling figure, and he has been charged with immoralities unknown or unavowed since the worship of Dionysus. The foul legend persists and there are never wanting toads to admire it.

Literary history is filled with such examples: —it would be a bore to cite further on this line. Poe, Baudelaire, Whitman, Wilde, Maupassant, Verlaine—it is like calling the Newgate Calendar. And, by a fortunate provision, there are always more toads than swans!

If the Albertans only knew it, they were putting Elbert Hubbard in the best literary company. It is dangerous to slander a man of talent!

Thackeray tells us, in a Roundabout Paper, of a similar story affecting himself which had been put in circulation by a discharged valet. It seems the man gave out, with embellishments and par-

ticulars, that an important part of his duties was to carry the author of "Vanity Fair," drunk, to bed every night, and up a pair of stairs in the bargain! The fact that Thackeray was a very large man and the valet a small one, making the story, therefore, physically impossible to be true, did not prevent its gaining both hearers and believers. Have I not said that to be actually incredible is nothing against an invention of this kind? Poor Thackeray—the tale of his drunkeness has had a footing and a credence quite independent of the uncouth slander of his valet. There were idle tongues and haters of great reputation even within the exclusive doors of the Athenæum.

And Dickens? A man who wrote so much about the genial side of drink and was himself so frankly addicted to "creature comforts," presented a broad mark to the defamer of genius. So it was only to be expected that the prohibition-teetotal-abstinent party should find grave cause for believing that he literally *died of drink!* Whatever he may have died of, an American hater of the wine-cup lately rushing into print, affirms and asseverates that Dickens was constantly drunk during forty years—that is, from his twentieth year up!

An utterly mad and ridiculous statement, of course, but essentially not worse than many slanders always current affecting men and women of

talent, to which the world lends a greedy ear.

* * *

The toads are a wonderful race to be sure; their comeliness is truly not much to brag of, but they sing together with powerful effect, and though you might not call their music sweet, even by stretching a compliment, it will upon occasion quite drown out the swans, whom at times they contrive to bespatter with their filth.

CHAPTER XVI

THE ONE ARGUMENT

I HAVE read or listened to a world of arguments on Prohibition, for and against, and I now rest on the solid rock-bed conclusion that there need be but one, namely:

It limits the franchise of American liberty!

You may hate liquor with a truceless hate, believing it to be responsible for the lion's share of crime, poverty, disease, insanity, untimely death—and still you cannot—DARE NOT as an American citizen—turn a deaf ear to this objection.

You may ridicule the economic argument—that liquor has a beneficent side as well as an evil one; but you cannot flout the objection above stated.

You may utterly repudiate the idea that liquor can be used with temperance, or that it is ever anything but a foe to health, peace, order, law, morality—and yet I defy you to ignore this *one unanswerable argument* against Prohibition.

It limits the spirit and operation of American liberty! It lays a nullifying finger on our Magna Charta—the Declaration of the Fathers. It

would unsettle that which *they* thought to have placed on everlasting foundations.

Yes, Prohibition limits the spirit of American liberty. It holds the menace of old slaveries, cast-off prejudices, spiritual and physical, that we in this country have long outgrown. It is warming back into pestilent life and activity those old snakes—scotched, not killed!—of Hatred, Proscription, Bigotry, Fear! For in the simplest terms, what *is* Prohibition? A giving play to that ineradicable passion for regulating and controlling and tyrannizing over the lives of others which so many men cherish in the name of godliness. It was this spirit—and none other!—which framed the dungeons and devised the tortures of the Inquisition. Prohibition has many pious sponsors in the present, and in the past it had a patron no less illustrious than the Duke of Alva.

Truly a monstrous changeling to put upon the American people in the name of liberty and progress!

The constant agitation of this question is, as we know, due in great part to the interested zeal of a paid army of enthusiasts. But a still greater share must be allowed to human perversity, and that mania for moral perfection which causes the American reformer to be regarded abroad as a species *sui generis*.

Dr. John Emerson Roberts declares that the

modern frenzy for legislation "is fast driving us into the folly and fanaticism of the Blue Laws." He points out that in the State of Texas it is unlawful to play checkers, dominoes or cards in any public place. In Portland, Oregon, the mince pies are examined, lest they contain an unlawful amount of alcohol! In the entire State of Oklahoma, as well as in six counties of Missouri and forty-one counties of Texas, no billiard table or bowling alley is allowed. The reason, as stated by this writer, is obvious enough: "It is always easy to find some one that is opposed to some particular thing, and just as easy to find some legislator who will introduce the bill prohibiting it." The making of unnecessary laws is indeed a principal and most pernicious industry among us Americans.

This is the danger which neutralizes all the arguments in favor of prohibiting liquor by statute. It is a negation of the very principle of liberty which, once admitted, can be made to stand for endless abuses.

"And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state."

I might be willing to destroy every drop of liquor in the world, but never, never would I subscribe to Prohibition!

Right here where I am living in Connecticut, —and not so many years ago, as history is made,

—the spirit of Prohibition fully prevailed and was expressed in such laws as these:

"No one shall be a free man or have a vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the Dominion."

"No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic."

"No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but an authorized clergyman."

"No one shall personally cook meals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath Day."

"No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or Feasting Days."

History, says a great writer, is but philosophy teaching by example.

Can there be any fear that the American people will ever forget the lesson and the example thus given? Or having forgotten it in a moment of incredible weakness, that they will not speedily recall and rectify the blunder?

CHAPTER XVII.

WORLD-WIDE FOLLY

IT is great news and savorous (as our Puritan ancestors would phrase it) that the American Prohibitionist Army* led by its triumphant vanguard, the Anti-Saloon League, is planning to make a "bone-dry" world by 1930. As a people, though extremely backward in point of literary and æsthetic development, we have a passion for moral perfection, as for lemon-meringue pie, and we just ache to pass it on to others—indeed we would even crowd it upon them for their good. The terrible motto of the Inquisition, *Compelle intrare—Make them come in*—suits the present-day Prohibitionist-Puritan as perfectly as it suited Alva of gracious memory. Now since it seems to be agreed that we have just saved the world for democracy, in Mr. Wilson's inspired phrase, what more proper than that we should next save it for mediocrity of our own congenial kind and pattern!

Thus would be justified Ernest Renan's besetting fear of America, while his vision of a uni-

*Please note the initials, A. P. A. I would hate to believe that there is anything odiously significant about them, but the coincidence is surely striking—and ominous!

versal Pan-Bœotia of stupidity oppressing the free spirit and destroying the most precious fruits of liberty, would be accurately realized.

Truly it is to laugh, as the French say—the French, our late comrades-in-arms, who will assuredly grin on the wrong side of the mouth when our Dry Army invades their fair land, deluging city, town and country with the literary product of Westerville, Ohio, translated for their benefit. Also, poor France! must her beautiful language suffer such profanation? Is there to be no end to her sorrows? After the desolating, marauding Teuton and four years of unimaginable hell, comes the no less fatal Yankee prohibitionist with his mad crusade against the glorious wines of France. The German war locust, the Yankee "dry" grasshopper: betwixt the two there is small choice indeed—*il n'y a pas de choix, voilà!*

And what a nerve, if you please! Or shall we not rather call it the sublimation of pure gall and impudence? A people that has about reached the "Fourth Reader" stage of culture, without genius or art, tradition or achievement in the higher realms of the mind, to undertake to save by Salvation Army methods the most variously gifted and highly civilized nation of Europe—the home of Art, the capital of Civilization, the nursery of all the rarer forms of human genius! Are we licensed by our superabundant dollars

to thrust our ignorance and fanaticism, unasked, upon the amiable French people, quite competent as they are to take care of themselves? Can you imagine a proposition more gorgeously absurd—one that more colossally certifies the national cheek? It is really quite too deliriously hyperbolical. The country that rejoices in the literary art of Harold Bell Wright as its most successful exhibit in kind, that is virtually without living representation in the first rank of any art or science, to give lessons to France, with her unfailing heritage of genius! Yankee Puritanism to conduct a Dry-or-be-Damned campaign among the polite and temperate French, who as Anatole France well says, "have the virtue of moderation in their bones"!

This might be called the æsthetic consideration, and who will deny that it is fraught with extreme horror? But there is also a practical business side to the monstrous absurdity which will not fail to strike the French—the keenest economists in the world as we are the most prodigal wasters. We shall have to convince them that they do not know their true interest, even commercially, and persuade them to abolish the wine culture which has been the wealth and glory of France during many centuries.

"It sure is some contract," as we say in our elegant Attic, but there is no thought of anything save success among the well-paid and undaunted

warriors of the Anti-Saloon League or American Prohibition Army, all continued in their jobs for the new world-wide crusade.* Art, Glory, Genius, Beauty, and all that sort of trash must crumple up and fade away before the withering flame of Prohibition truth as it scorches across the world from Westerville, Ohio.

In view of the sure and speedy capitulation of Europe to this great moral assault, would it not be proper to take down Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty from its grandiose pedestal in New York harbor and set up in its place an effigy of the conquering Prohibitionist, a copy of the Declaration of Westerville in his hand, and a bottle of "re-enforced" patent medicine peeping shyly from his safety pocket?

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*Notwithstanding, the first campaigns of the American prohibition oversea forces have been attended with but a very small share of success. Even in Scotland, that fertile vineyard of the temperance exhorter, the results have been meagre and unsatisfactory. In one respect, however, the "Yankee invasion" was eminently successful—it kicked up a tremendous lot of bad feeling which in England led to some ugly demonstrations, passing into violence. In one of these Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson, an American prohibition leader, lost an eye: he reports, however, that he can see eventual triumph for "The Cause" through his glass optic.—M. M.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOOKING FORWARD

I.

AN historian of the future will record as follows:

In the year Two Thousand of the period still called for convenience sake the Christian Era, this was the general condition of affairs in the United States.

The country had prodigiously declined from its former greatness and prosperity. In point of population alone the falling off was so marked as to foretoken national extinction. It was useless to look abroad for help. The National Prohibition Law and the exclusive policy maintained for several generations in regard to foreign immigration, precluded any hope of replenishment from that quarter.

The country was at last absolutely and entirely American, according to the proud boast of its Stateswomen, but unluckily, it was at the same time disappearing from the map.

A woman, Miss Columbia Addams Perkins, occupied the exalted office of President; whilst

an epicene, Mr. (?) Leonidas Theodora Johnson, filled the lesser dignity of Vice-President.

Congress was composed mainly of women and epicenes (vulgarly dubbed "nits"), with a scattering of men: these latter were not numerous enough to form a balance of power, and so they were generally in the posture of a despised opposition. They were especially ridiculed for clinging to an antiquated, cylindrical style of dress generally in vogue some generation preceding the date of which we write. Being without real power, they were contemptuously left to the indulgence of this hobby.

The costume worn by the great majority of the Houses was nearly the same for both women and epicenes. It consisted of a toga-like garment with one lateral stripe for the women and two such stripes for the neuters. The note of sex was quite wanting to this style of dress, and indeed the evident purpose was to proscribe and attenuate it. The fact that most of the epicenes were beardless greatly aided in carrying out the spirit of the regulation just alluded to. A foreigner would not readily have distinguished them from the women in the assembly. Both wore their hair short, without comb or other ornament. In debate the confusion was still more hopeless, as the epicene voices were thin and high-pitched, suggesting the *castrati* of the old Roman choirs.

Similar conditions, though not to a corresponding extent, prevailed among the people at large. The visible signs of sexual difference were being gradually subdued; one could not doubt that they were in process of ultimate elimination. We have referred to the decreasing birth-rate, which was inevitable, from the general female preference for the epicene. Biologists asserted that in a few generations the functions of maternity would be shifted to the latter. In view of the political supremacy to which the women had attained, this singular theory would go far to explain their partiality for epicene marriages and their revulsion from the opposite sex.

Another thing which strongly tended to accentuate the general decline of virility among the people, was the almost total absence of what in earlier generations had been called the Joy of Life. This was, it seems, a kind of spiritual and physical exaltation to which all persons, except the extremely old, were liable. It was commonly manifested in high spirits, in romantic risks and adventures, in passionate love affairs *between men and women,** in daring feats of bravery and hardihood, and to speak scientifically, in a general exuberant expression of the Will to Live. It could not be gainsaid that abnormal and even criminal excesses sometimes attended this Joy of Life, but even these were compensated, in

*The italics are mine.—EDITOR.

the view of certain philosophers, by the vigor which it imparted to the begetting of children and the entire sphere of creative activity. In particular, it was pointed out that, coincidentally with the decline of this potent spirit there had been a great and lamentable falling off in the Arts and Belles Lettres. The poets of the country were allowed to be contemptible; such a thing as original inspiration was absolutely unknown amongst them. The philosophers referred to ascribed this poetical decadence to the failure of the sex-impulse and its concomitants; poets having immemorially found their inspiration in women and wine. These remarks apply also to the kindred arts of Painting, Sculpture and Music: the rise of the epicene had been alike fatal to all.

The National Prohibition Law and other similar enactments had availed finally to crush out the Joy of Life amongst the American people. Draconic and complete was the proscription. After wine had been taken away it was discovered that men were getting too much comfort out of their pipes and cigars and cigarettes, and were in fact contriving to conjure up therefrom a pale shadow of the old fiery illusion. Accordingly it was decreed that the Devil of Tobacco was a twin to the Devil of Drink, and the use of the weed was forever proscribed in the country. It is notable that after the passing of this law, against which the manhood of the nation made

its last desperate stand, the sexes drew more and more apart. From this time indeed we must date the rise of the neuters to their position of perverse and sinister importance.

Hence, at the period of which we write, there was scarce a flicker of the so-called Joy of Life to be seen throughout the land. Such violent ebullitions as we have referred to above were long out of date. Few persons were living who could remember to have heard of a pair of thwarted lovers tasting the sweetness of death from each other's mouths; or of a young man following his beloved into the Shadow with the eager joy of a bridegroom; or of a woman daring Heaven and Hell to snatch the pearl of a great passion; or even of what used to be called an ordinary elopement. Such whimsies were of the long, long ago, and the very chronicle of them had faded.

II

Now it befell that the warlike Yellow People by the Eastern Sea who had long harbored enmity toward the Republic and who, besides, coveted its great riches, judged that the plum was ripe to fall and commenced to set about a project of hostlie invasion. Tardy and loth were the Americans to take the alarm. The Ruling Women and their womanish mates, scorning the rumor at first, which nevertheless affirmed itself

with a deadly emphasis from hour to hour, were presently thrown into a state of the wildest fear. It was then, too late, that they regretted their perverse sacrifice of the manhood of the country, which would have been able and prompt to meet the threatening peril.

Panic and distress were general throughout the land, and as usual at such times, were accompanied by outbreaks of a lawless kind. The epicene element of the population,—formidable in number but contemptible from its lack of courage,—had most to suffer. However, the outrages upon these timorous people, though rude enough and withal humiliating, were mainly of a harmless sort: they were hustled, or pelted with disagreeable missiles, or ducked in horseponds, or soused under pumps, and they were regaled with much coarse badinage aimed at their peculiar sexual or sexless character. Few cases of actual violence can be verified by the careful historian.

The freakish conditions of life and government with which these misguided Americans had hampered themselves, were thrown into strong relief against the general disorder. Or it might more correctly be said that the social structure which they had been at such pains to build up on false or perverted theories, seemed to give way at every point.

Consternation extended from the highest to

the lowest. The nerves of the President—a well meaning but mediocre Stateswoman—gave way under the strain, and in a moment of tense irritation she "fetched" the Vice-President a sounding slap in the face. Judge from this painful incident the demoralization of society at large!

Scenes of great disorder marked the session of Congress hastily summoned to organize the national defences. It was soon learned that the country possessed nothing worthy of the name. Such had been the fury of the governing class in pursuing schemes of impossible moral perfection that nobody appears to have given a thought to such an emergency as had now arisen. There was bitter recrimination between the women and the neuters, and for the first time in living memory the genuine males were able to secure an attentive hearing. It was also noted, as indicating the terrific nature of the crisis at hand, that the women and near-women left off chewing gum during the debates that followed.

We are fortunate enough to possess a partial report of the speech delivered by the male leader in the Lower House, the Hon. Jefferson Bryan Bezum of the State of South Carolina (what with senility and lack of virile force the Senate was now totally devoid of influence in the Government and of prestige before the country.) In the cataclysm impending much was to perish, but the heroic patriotism of the Hon. Mr. Bezum,

like that of the Roman Curtius, has availed to snatch his name from the gulf which closed upon the liberty and greatness of his country. We here subjoin this celebrated fragment of ancient American eloquence.*

. . . . . .

Mr. Bezum's stirring appeal, that they urge the country to shed its last drop of blood and spend its last penny before yielding to the alien invader, was heard by the majority with mingled terror and stupefaction. The enemy was even then at the gates, but where was the manhood of the country to meet him and hurl him back into the sea? Alas! they too well knew that it no longer existed: oppressed and proscribed, harried and hunted with a minute, untiring persecution, it had yielded as the lion succumbs to the craft of his human foes. Where now might they look for that supreme motive of love—love between man and woman and all love that springs from this—which arms the soldier with invincible courage? Where were the youths to dash with a careless hurrah upon the hostile batteries vomiting death, led on by a vision of their promised sweethearts? Ah! how they now regretted that old mad Joy of Life which would have given them warriors in their need but which their ac-

*I have deemed it proper to cut out the "fragment" of the Hon. Bezum's address, as it runs to about the average length of present-day congressional speeches, and is little superior in quality. The narrative proceeds.—M. M.

cursed meddling laws had banished from the land. Yes! they would fain have cried: "Let us have back the Joy of Life, even as we have heard it was in the old, old times; for we believe that without it men are not brave enough to affront death." And now, too late, in an agony of futile remorse and despair, they would have recalled even the wine-cup—yea, even those pleasant vices that formerly made men too much in love with life!

The debate lengthened, yet all knew that it could have but one issue. It was impossible to put the country in a posture of defence. A nation may be ruled by its women, but it can only be defended by its men. Two generations of feminism, of moral castration, of laws upon laws enforcing the narrowest intolerance and the most coercive Puritanism, had reduced the country's manhood to a negligible and despised fraction. The experiment of coddling a whole nation, of putting a great people in leading strings, of dethroning strength and making weakness sovereign, had finally approved itself a most tremendous failure! It had produced a generation who were not fit to live or die, and it had prepared the way for the awful reckoning which was now due!

III

THE rest of that pitiful history is soon told. Resistance being out of the question, though the males continued to urge it to the last, Congress voted by a heavy majority to make a peaceful tender of the national liberties to the Yellow Invader. The remnant of the country's manhood chose rather to perish than to sanction so base a surrender. They took up arms, but were speedily finished off by a flying column of Nipponese Skirmishers. Incredible as it may seem, this tremendous event—the fall of an empire long ranked with the richest and most powerful in the world, —was attended with no more bloodshed. The transfer of rule and domination was speedily effected, and the Yellow People became masters of a country which had long banned them as inferior aliens and refused them the rights of citizenship.

Thus it was (concludes the learned Historian) by a series of unexampled errors and misfortunes arising mainly from a foolish passion for regulating human nature by statute, that the American people lost at once their liberty and their place among the nations. This great event took place, as we have recorded above, in the year since Christus Two Thousand. It remains to be said, however, that in spite of their marvelous conquest, obtained at so little cost, the Nipponese

were not wholly to be congratulated, as their later history makes plain to us. For the country having been depopulated of men, the conquerors, as has been the rule in such cases since the rape of the Sabines, proceeded to take themselves wives from among the Stateswomen of the land (being a majority of the whole number of females). The instructed reader will not expect us to dwell further upon a fact so pregnant with painful suggestion. Let it suffice to say that the Nipponese had their work cut out for them!

Grievous was the fate of the epicenes, a decree of the Son of Heaven or Nipponese Emperor having dissolved their privileged relations with the women of the country. These wretched people were generally degraded to low employments or menial domestic service. To the credit of the conquerors, be it said, they were not treated with violence, save in a few aggravated instances. But the species began to decline at once and has now all but perished from the land.

The misery that ensued amongst a nation of women denatured by the habit of generations and now delivered to the crude mastership and ineluctable masculinity of the most virile people in the East, had better be left to the reader's imagination. We touch here one of the revenges of history, which the philosophic mind has no difficulty in tracing back through the ages. Who could have foreseen so calamitous an end to the

experiment of Theocratic rule and female supremacy in the United States? But let us dismiss that grievous episode. Hence begins a fresh period of internal trouble and agitation in this afflicted country, the consideration of which we must defer to a subsequent chapter.

God save you, reader—me no less,
And wet or dry, the old U. S.

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